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EMJ NEWMUSIC*

AUDIDSLAVE

THE RAVEONETTES

AUDIOSI AVE 30

The combining of pedigrees in Audioslave has proved more Voltron than Frankenstein: Add Rage Against The Machine's muscle to the swagger and passion of Soundgarden, and you've formed a supernower striving to build a "classic" record. Tom Lanham looks over the bineprints.

THE CORAL 22

Mix doo-wop, folk, psychedelia, Beefheart noise, reggae, dub, soul and a group of teenagers and you'd expect an unlistenable mess. Instead, you've got the Coral, Liverpool's latest export. Doug Levy stirs the not.

GROOVE ARMADA 24

Sorry, but we were so busy giggling at the title of the new Groove Armada album (Lovebox) that we forsot to write a proper blurb with some sort of wacky nautical pun. Steve Clabattoni sets a steadier course with the daring dance duo.

MATTHEW SHIPP 26

Matthew Shipp, sick of the same old lazz, is reinventing it with the help of a few good sampiers. Tad Hendrickson piugs him in.

A tumbleweed rolls in Brooklyn: New York-via-Texas brooders Calla streamlined their aftermidnight sound and are giving Brooklyn a much-needed dose of atmosphere. Tom Malion breathes some fresh air

LOVE YOU LIVE '03 35

For everyone who's ever said, "They're much better live," let these pictures do the talking: Idlewild, Desaparecidos, !!!, Radio 4, Sahara Hotnights, the Mooney Suzuki, Ours, Robert Randoloh, OK Go, Fountains Of Wayne, My Morning Jacket, Har Mar Superstar.

ON THE VERGE 14

Are you listening? Whos on oh oh-oh oh; Longwaye, the Rayeonettes, Mclusky, Vikter Duplaix.

ON THE CD 43

DISC 1: Audioslave, the Exies, Something For Kate, the Blood Brothers, the Coral, My Blue Pill, Warren Zanes, Robinella & The CC String Band, the Bad Plus, Vikter Duplaix. DJ Me DJ You, Nelika, Sole, Homunculus, Jon Langford + His Sadies, Chris Butler, Franklin Bruno, the Sharp Things, Denison Witmer, Evermore,

DISC 2: Johnny Marr + The Healers, mellowdrone, Rotary Downs, Soulscript, Owen, Open Hand, Pat Ortman, Alaska!, Nada Surf, Baxter Dury, the Blood Group, the Warlocks, the Greenhornes, Varistor, As Tall As Lions, Laddio Bolocko, Kimone, Ilva.

OUICK FIX 8

Nick Cave plays dress-up, we're not ashamed to say that Jeff Buckley was a very handsome man. Mixmaster Mike thinks about his girl, and Nada Surf's Matthew Caws thinks it's totally fine if your little brother makes time with your negliges.

LOCALZINE 56

Come to Barbados and get your pasty ass a tan.

GEEK LOVE 82

lan Christe is back in town with Thin Lizzy.

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ARMADA: DEREK SANTINI; THE RAVEONETTES: STEFAN DE BASTELIER

Count NEW MICE (MCN/NC (SSE) (15-14-16)) is published more let by The CAL Memorie and other as £51 V. SSE B. It. Die T. New Yor. No. YOU CO., Exception rate as £52.50 or pure to Subsequent or miles The CAL Memorie and the CAL

'80s marmalade

Please tell me I didn't just read the guy from Ladytron whining about people always telling about the '80s when they talk to them. They wouldn't exist if it weren't for the '80s and I'm going to guess they probably wouldn't be selling a lot of records if fans of the old synth stuff weren't buying it. Whether they're rippling it off, paying homage, borrowing from it or making fun of the '80s, they should quit with the artiste routine and enjoy being what they are. Their records are great, but give me a beach

Fluffy [email withheld]

Along with the music and the styles of the 88b, we're also bringing book the executive privilege of plausible deniability. This provides cover for when the electroclash movement has begun developing al projects fusing Philadelphia Mummers string bonds with club beats, by allergies to Tenex or a suicidal ideation involving one of those ties with a keyboard printing on It.—ed.

Gitchi gitchi a-Ha da da

Loved your November issue, and was thrilled to see two artists featured that I have recently seen live in Europe: Sondre Lerche and A Camp performed at a music festival in Norway in June. Glad to see those artists getting some attention on this side of the pond! Headlining that same festival was a-Ha, who-believe it or not-have never stopped making good music. I also saw them live at Wembley last month, and it was an amazing show. I'd love to see a-Ha's new album, Lifelines, reviewed in CMJ. I think a-Ha are sadly underrated in America—they are saddled with the association of "Take On Me" and most people can't get past that song to hear the really good stuff. Some little-known information about a-Ha: They hold the world record for the concert with the highest attendance (196,000 people); they released the first music video with Flash technology, beating Madonna by a few days; their March 2001 concert was broadcast live on the Internet and had the third highest online viewership, behind Paul McCartney and Madonna (this concert has just been released in the U.S. on DVD); a-Ha has just completed a 40-city tour. with excellent reviews. I hope you'll do a feature on a-Ha in the near future.

Catherine Sexton Catherine Sexton 2@aol.com Sadly, cheekbones and Rotoscoping could only take the band so far in the U.S. relegating them to Geek Love status in our benighted mag (September '92). They certainly got the jump on that whole Rodic invasion of Igord-crossing garage rock, though, and if they're playing to nearly 200,000 people elsewhere, why bother with the U.S. where they'd just be forced to witness the vicious The Hunger-like aging apparent in the VH-I Classic crowd?—ed

Hey Joe, want to give it a go?

To John Davis of Superdrag: When I saw you in Lawrence, Kansas in '96, I really wanted to yell "Take The Long Way Home," because, you know, "Superdrag" sounds like "Supertramp." Would that have been junny?

Joe Kern egonml@vghoo.com

No. —ed., speaking for everyone within earshot of you at a club, ever.

Boy drank all that magnolia wine

When I'm in my 40s and my parents have kicked me out of the house my placard will read: WILL TEACH YOU THE HIGHEST FORMS OF LINGUISTIC AND RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHY, RECITE POEMS BY THOMAS TRAHERNE AND KAHLIL GIBRAN, HYPNOTIZE YOU WITH A NORDIC DAVIDESQUE PHYSIQUE AND LONG UNDULATING GOLDEN LOCKS, BEST YOU AT NEARLY EVEN'S FOR FOOD.

That having been said, my plea is obviously worth more than jaded, dilencted music geek venting hatred over the utilitarian font on the CD sleeve: More Sing-Singl Interviews, bonus limited edition posters, anything. I feel like a 13-year-old girl with a Tigger Beart magazine while listening to "Till Be" and staring at Lisa's picture (Gawd I love her).

Michael Wattenford

Even though this feels like dropping off buckets of fish for the Monster of Piedras Blancas, we'll be sending Michael a live photo of Sing-Sing for his, er, appreciation.—ed.

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BECK BEACON THEATRE, NYC 10.02
That Beck, always shifting styles and attitudes. So mercurial is he that he's become sort of blurry, apparently at a midpoint in his evolution into a supersentient light being. Good thing one of his last shows in corporeal form, seen here at New York's Beacon Theatre, was so damn good.

: Photo: Ruvan





PORTRAITS OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN



Far from the comprehensive biographical accounting in David Brown's Dream Brother, Merri Cyr's A Wished-For Song (Hal Leonard Publishing) is a photo-driven pastiche of memories of the singer-songwriter, culled from interviews with Buckley and his friends, business associates and bandmembers. Quotes placed around the Brooklyn photographer's portraits enlighten the contradictions within the subject-brooding introvert, corny jokester, born rock star rising-and remind just how tragically short Buckley's career was, »»MAT HALL







WEUGFEED: The Beastie Boys are at work on the follow-up to 1998's Hello Nasty
• Ryan Adams asks Doves to record as his backing band • On the

One From The Road:

Leeds rockers with a count of their self-titled debut (Capitol) to the States.

Where are you right now? Toledo, Ohio.

What were last night's accommodations?

Our second tour bus. The first one had no power but it did have separate rooms, which is quite unusual.

Who in the band has the most annoying sleeping habits? We all sleep very, very late...

What's currently being played on the tour vehicle soundsystem? The Streets' Original Pirate Material, Al Green's Let's Stay Together, Led Zeppelin remasters.

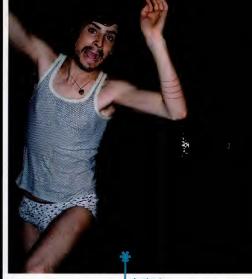
What do you do during the day to occupy your time? Sleep, smoke, play soccer, watch

Sleep, smoke, play soccer, watch movies.

What song request are you

most tired of hearing?
There's one guy who's at a load of gigs
asking for "Karma." We're going to work
on it just for him.





ROOM ROOM

Who: Devendra Banhart
Where: His apartment in Brooklyn
Why: Before releasing the bizarro-Nick
Drake stylings of Oh Me Oh My... (Young
God), Devendra Banhart squatted in a disused
saisa club; now he's moved on to tancier
digs. There's still in o electricity, though.

Ace of spades

[There's] playing cards taped to the wall. I tind one every time I leave the house. Jack of diamonds, four of hearts; every card, from different decks.

Altar boy

it's actually a quarter of a huge wooden table that I found. I use it as an after to pictures—of my mom, and drawings by Cotter, and a picture of a woman with flames coming out her.

A bone in the bedroom

My bed is on the top of the wood piece in the corner, its a small lopsided room, the bed is queen-sized and I found it with my girffriend in the trash. It's a good bed. Next to it is a jawbone my fafther gave fo me.

Too dark park

After four p.m., it gets dark. I don't have electricity, I'm trying to not pay rent for this reason. The candies come on, one for Santa Barbara and one for the Star of David, the rest are all white or pink. So now I can't see shit, so I play a little quitar.

heels of Evil Heat, Primal Scream to release a greatest-hits comp later this year • Beck intends to release a new acoustic album this year; he's temporarily shelved





Tough Love

OK, even though most of us dan't feel comfortable pleturing our relatives doing anything racier than, well, sleeping, a bit of objectivity would be useful here. Your brother shouldn't have gone snooping in your stuff and shouldn't be holding on to something that's not his, but other than that, there's nothing wrong with him doing whatever he feels like with a red lacy nighty-thingy. You could confront him, but give the kid a break—going through one's sister's eveningwear is a phase best forgotten, and that will be easier to do if you don't bring it up. Hell, as long as you're not wearing it much, let him keep it awhile.

I was messing around on my girlriend's computer while she was in the shower, and when I clicked the "favorites" tab on her web browserthe only things saved were her two favorite bands' sites, The Onion and Nerve.com. Henestly, why would she be playing around on Nerve unless she's trying to find a new guy? I'm bugging out but I'm afreid to admit I was sneoping. What do I do?

-Aaron, College Park, Maryland

Bugging out might be jumping the gun a little. Don't discount the idea that she may just be reading. Questions based on suspicion have all sorts of unwanted side-effects they chip away at trust and almost always come off as overly insecure. Come to think of it. "Guy Confronts Girl Over Web Bookmarks" sounds like an Onion stoxy, too.

My boyfriend and I have been together almost five years, and I have to admit the sex is starting to get stale. The past few menths, I've been fentasizing about other people. Sunday night I happened to be thinking about Nelly. Not Furtado, "Hot In Herre" Nelly, (Shut up he's cuto.) I apparently muttered cuto.) I apparently muttered

"Nelly" at an inopportune moment.
Now he's convinced I'm cheating
on him with some girl named Nelly,
but I'm afraid to tell him the truth.
—Melinda. Buckhannon. W.V.

Letting him believe that you were funtastizing about another woman is probably your best bet. Might be a good time to share some fantasizing, if the sex is getting stale. Don't tell him the truth—not because Nelly is a guy, but because he's flippin' everywhere, and you don't want your boyfriend wincing every time he sees a TV or a Band-Ald.

Love Matthew



NADA SURF Noda Surf frontman Matthew Caws parlayed thoughts on adolescent love into a mid-90 alternappy hit called "Popular"; here, he ponders your troubled lives, only without that whole record-solling, radio-play, MTV-fodder thing. Don't think they'll mind much—the new Let Go (Barsuk) shows that the band's matured considerably since those days, trading the radio sheen for a lush indie-rock esthetic. The number one benefit to this column is that you can dump someone and say a rock personality to tald you to do it. Evelentifeemicom.

I have this red lacy nighty-thing, but I don't went it much. A few weeks ago, I went looking and couldn't find it. Then this morning I was in my brother's room and saw something red under his bed. And there it was. I'm both freeded out and worried by this. Should I confront him? Is it more likely that he's wearing it or just using it for, um, "inspiration"?

-Jen, Sioux City, Iowa

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S

his in-progress rock record after being deterred by the likes of the White Stripes and the Strokes • Billy Corgan's Zwan signs with Reprise Records, to release debut in

of course, my hope is to one day release a new STRYPER album... **Keep us** in **your prayers** over the next few months that God would lead in our lives. He is doing GREAT things in these last days. 77

-Stryper bassist Tim Gaines, who apparently can't find a better way to spend the Last Days.



crams 100 years of recording history into a single disc.

Some musicians strive to capture "that analog sound"; ex-Waitress Chris Butler chases "that Thomas Edison sound." His The Museum Of Me (Future Fossil) is also a museum of arcane recording methods, tracked on everything from Edison's original wax cylinders to paper-backed tape to the mobile studio used by the Who, the Stones and Zeppelin, "This truck is just splendid," Butler enthuses, "It was used on Exile On Main Street, Who's Next, Bob Marley Live, Led Zeppelin's II... All those amazing drum tracks that were done at somebody's house, Jimmy Page's house, were done on this truck." Not all the gear proved as reliable: The 1940s' Webster-Chicago wire recorder, which replaces tape with a four-thousandths-of-an-inch wire, was particularly difficult. "They figured out the best way to get sound out of the wire was to have it go at 24 inches per second," he says. "You get an incredible amount of torque on the wire; if it snaps when you're doing something it goes flying around the room and it's impossible to untangle. Once you get to the end of a [reel]...every finger is crossed to try and make it through before the machine goes." The result is an archivist's wet dream, all snaps, crackles and pops, 2002 songs recorded in an 1898 fashion. "Every time the wire broke, I thought, 'Oh, screw it. This is mad." Butler laughs. "[But] in the end I guess it was worth it. That's the problem: You get a wacky idea, and you know it's got a nice, fun resonance to it. Then you're compelled to build it, and there are gonna be bumps." >> TOM MALLON



BY VINCENT G. CURRY

Lused to think Rainh Flennes was a good actor until 1 realized he was a miserable bastard in real life, so all his great portravals of miserable bastards weren't acting at all, in fact, he'll probably on down in film history as the actor who smiled the least in all of his films. The latest addition to that grim list is Spider, directed by the weird, but rarely boring, David Cronenberg, Unfortunately, this is one of those rare times. The story of a man who gets out of an English mental institution after 30 years, if you don't know everything that's going to happen from the moment the first flashback appears, you need to get out more...just not to see this A two-hour foreign film set in the slums. of Brazil? Normally, I'd run screaming, but Cidade de Deus (City Of God) is so great I almost wish it were longer. Based on a novel, it tells the story of two young men growing up in the ironically named City Of God, a slum so horrible even the cops are afraid to venture into it. But rather than the bleak. existential film you'd get if it were, say, French, you actually get a vibrant, stylized, coming-of-age story filled with humor and life, even though it chronicles two bloody decades in a place where very few grow old. It helps that we have not one, but two contrasting protagonists to follow. One fully embraces the criminal life from childhood. while the other lives cautiously on the periphery. Ironically, it's his hobby of photography that helps him succeed, as he chronicles the violence with his camera. Stay for the credits and see the real life characters denicted in the film.

For more rants, go to www.angrygeek.com.

January • Stephen Malkmus's the Jicks to return this spring • Eels frontman E scores new Billy Bob Thornton movie and heads to the studio for the fifth Eels record •>>>







Speed Freak

SONIC MEGA COLLECTION (SEGA FOR GAMECUBE)



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Get it from over there, 'cause you can't buy it here.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

B-Unique (U.K.)

What it is: Compilation album that simultaneously benefits the War Child charity organization and celebrates the 50th anniversary of U.K. music publica-

Withy you want it: the artists contributing to 1 Love were taced with challenge of selecting and covering any No. 1 U.K. Single from within the last 50 years. The result is a tittingly wide-ranging assortment of tracks including everything trom Prodigly Seat-beavy, vocoder-anhanced take on the Specials "House Of The Rising Sur' gone all "House Of The Rising Sur' gone all prog-rock, courtesy of Misse." Geome On

Quoth Marc Antony, eulogizing history's original Lil' Cease: "I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him." Using Segg's GameCubeexclusive Sonic Mega Collection as a primary source, the similarities between the oftstabbed dictator and Sonic-spiky, greasedlightning-fast protagonist of vore-become clear. Both rose to power quickly, and both met unfortungte ends (one due to conspiracy. the other to PlayStation), but only one receives the lavish remembrance. Mega Collection compiles the good (madaddictive, strategy-free gameplay; seven different games) and the bad (pointless, spiceup-the-franchise extra characters, anyone?) into one edition. Add in some fun-yetuseless extras (Sonic's comic book), and you've got a solid eulogy to a brilliant anthropomorph. All Caesar got was a lousy salad. >>>JAMES MONTGOMERY

Elleon" subs Badly Drawn Boy almost too well, while Mis. Dynamits ounds like the prev up singing Soul II Soul": "Back" To Life (However De You Want Mel)." Regardless of all the big name U.K. acis gathered here, though clato including Oasis, Sterophonics, Manie Street Preachers, Faithless & Didd, among others), if it sho one American act on board that really sets the standard: Jimmy Eat World takes the Proddys "Friestarier" and Lurns II it hat the most beartfull emo remake since the Vines took on "Ms. Jackson" "Soulfor(EV)"

LINK: www.warchild.co.uk/wc_onelove.html R.I.Y.L: War Child's Help compilation, NME

WEIRD RECORD The Delicate Sound Of Bong Hits



Last year saw numerous atrocities committed in the name of paving tribute to Pink Floyd: bluegrass versions of The Wall. electronic tributes, goth tributes, Roger Waters's "in The Flesh" tour and so forth Just when you were feeling desensitized by all the horror, along comes Dub Side Of The Moon to remind you what it feels like. The Easy Star Ali-Stars recast each and every song from Pink Floyd's 1972 classic in a dub stylee, even replacing the cash registers of "Money" with bubbling bongs and coughing rastas. The result-58 minutes of Floyd riffs crammed into stereotyoical reggae formats, buried in intense reverb-is only slightly more enjoyable than The Division Bell. (And it even syncs to The Wizard Of Oz!) Bonus tracks are included for the masochist in you, but we can't seem to find "Step It Pon The Rastaman Scene" on our original copies of Dark Side. The lunatic is on the grass, indeed. »:curron ours

Elbow and the Polyphonic Spree both tapped to remix Peter Gabriel's "More Than This" for an upcoming single • Universal rappers like Warren G and Master P will

Answer Me

Nick Gave on songs with a satanic number of verses and the glory of the man in black. No, not the Goths at his shows, Johnny Cash.



band started up, we sang it and that was that. We also did a version of "Get Along Home, Little Cindy." He was a lot older, and I guess weaker, than I had expected to see him, but when he started to sing it was just all power, all strength. It was an extraordinary thing to see. And an incredibly beautiful mam... I guess for all of us there will be two or three things that have happened in our lives that you can say, "Woll, at least that happened." One of them was that I got married to my current wife, the other that I have a whole lot of really beautiful children. The other one was that I recorded with someone like Johnny Cash.

It's been a good year for Nick Cave: He did a sold-out tour of the U.S. and Australia and did a dust with one of his heroes, Johnny Cash. In between he found a single week to make his 12th record with the Bad Seeds, Nocturama (Antil), an album that wrape a decade's worth of incurrantions into one dark and beautiful package. And how many goth icons do you know who're willing to dress up as Bill Gates for a leugh? ""MM MLOM

How are you going to remember all the words to "Babe I'm On Fire" live? It's got eight verses and is over 10 minutes long.

Well there's a lot more than that. That was the edited version that you got there. There were twice as many verses...I don't know. I'll have a girl in a bikini and cue cards or something.

What was it like recording with Johnny Cash? How did it come

Rick Rubin called me when I was in LA.
and asked if I'd like to sing a song with
Johnny Cosh. And I said. "What does he
want me to sing?" And he said. "Anything
you like." 'was just sitting there thinking.
"What the fuck am I going to sing, what
does he mean anything I like?" And my violinist, Warne Litt, was playing some brank
Williams, and he said. "Sing that." So I
went in there and said. "Do yu know. Hank
Williams's 'I'm So Lonessome I Could Cry?"
And Johnny goos. "Well. of course I do." The

And you made a video for it? Will it act released?

Youh, I suppose so I don't know it anyone will play it it's obscene and it's too long. 18 minutes or something like that. But we're busically dressing up as all the different characters in the song. It's very good: it's very tunny. Some people will probably find it amusing. We certainly did, making it. Dressing up as Bill Gates or the President of the United States or the "nestruoting Jewess" or the "hymen-busting Zuhu". It was very clever. Beautifully done. I also had my head actually being shitted out of Bad Seeds drummen! Jim Sclavunos's naked buckside as the "hooliown mooner." It's fun.

That we have to see.
It brought us closer together.



1. Miles Davis, Autumn Leaves

He helps me meditate and get into a musical state of mind. It's also a musical learning chart; I study the patterns of his horn playing.

SCRATCH MIXMASTER MIKE'S ITCH

2. Jimi Hendrix, Are You Experienced?

He's so diverse on this record, with many flavors and colors of music. "Foxy Lady" is one of my favorite tunes because it reminds me of my girl.

3. Public Enemy, It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back

It gets me into an aggressive state. It's one of my favorite records made because it's all original and where hiphop was at its finest point.

4. Johnny Cash, Essentials

This is good roadtrip music. I'm doing a lot of driving on tour right now and it really fits in with the view. He's just plain psycho.

5. Muddy Waters, Folk Singer it matches the weather. When it's raining or snowing driving through the country, it sets the moods.

If Mike's Return Of The Cyklops (Asphodel) reminds you of your girl, you've got problems.

soon appear on bags of "Rap Snacks" potato chips • DJ Shadow announces that he is also contributing tracks to Zack de la Rocha's solo debut ホネネネネネネネネネネネネネ

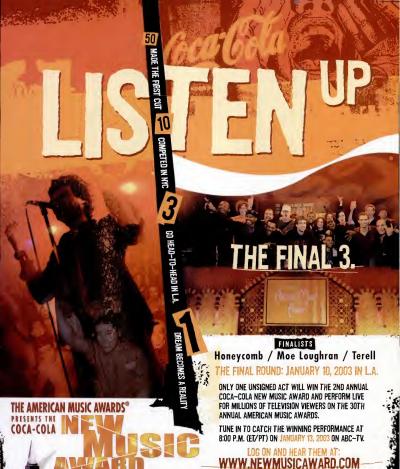
ON the verge



LONGWAVE

changed the distributor cap and the rotator cap on the vanl' beams Steve Schlitz, shaggy-haired guitarist for NYC-viae. Rochester rockers Longwave. "It was more satisfying, in a way, than making a record, 'causel know we can do that." The Strangest Things (RCA) is the latest record these delay-pedal-lovin' twentysomethings knew how to make—a major-lobel affair that recants the class of 1980 (Echo And The Bunnymen, Psychedelic Furs and U2) through a shoegazer lens. Although working with acclaimed producer Dave Fridmann (the sonic chemist behind wacky-titled Flaming Lips records) was like working with "some Buffalo guy! I fell like liken", 'to Rochesterian drummer Mike James, the experi-

snce was certainly unlike recording their 2000 debut. 'I miked the wrong amp a few times on Endosage, and that never happened with Dave Fridmann,' smirks guitarist Shannon Ferguson. 'Not even a single time.' Recording in the tiny town of Cassadage. NY. (population 976). Longwave had properly miked amps, but still weren't immune to hassle. 'I like to take ar un in the morning sometimes', says heasist/Queens native Dave Marchese. 'Lips bassisti Michael Ivins says. 'Right next to the door, there's o high corage vest for hunting, wear that. 'Cause it adways hunting season around here.' And Davés like, 'Rech, and carry a big stick, 'Cause there's wild dogs!'



Cher.









THE RAVEONETTES

I'm c huge Buddy Holly fan and I just like the expression. Rave On," says Suse Rose Wagner, the male hall/chief songwriter of Dunish duo the Raveomettes, explaining part of the inspiration behind his band's name. "We didn't realize there was something called Ratisnets," clarifies the grinning Sharin Foo, Wagner's musical partner. Luckly the pair has a great sense of humar, not that you'd know if from the broading, fuzz-deneched, back-alley trip that is Whip It On (Crunchy Frog), their debut release. That's because the sight-song EP only patint hall the picture. Inspired by another Danish artistic export, the Dogma school of illumaking, which imposes severe restrictions an directors in order to inspire both creativity and more natural art. Whip

It On fectures songs exclusively written, as its cover states, "in glorious B-liat minor." "We set up all these rules," explains Wagner, "All the songs were in one key, and they only used the same three chords. 'However, the release was initially intended to be one of a pair. The next record was supposed to be recorded in B-flat major," reveals Wagner. "We always had the two sides, but we only got around to recording one of them." Sidetracked by sudden worldwide exposure and the subsequent need to record a full debut album, the Revenates are hardly complaining about their dborted experiment. "We always felt like our music belonged in the U.K. or the U.S. not in Denmark," says Wagner. "We always targeted the world." "seasous under "seasous was well as the content of the conten



FEATURING TRACKS FROM

RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS ** ROB ZOMBIE

U2 ** EDDIE VEDDER WITH ZEKE ** KISS

RANCID ** GARBAGE ** METALLICA

MARILYN MANSON ** PETE YORN

GREEN DAY ** THE PRETENDERS ** ROONEY

THE OFFSPRING ** TOM WAITS

IN STORES TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 11



MCLUSKY

ummaging for an ashtray in his Cardiff, Wales home, Mclusky guitarist/vocalist Andy Falkous seems far more subdued and solicitous than the unhinged beast who shrieks his way through Mclusky Do Dallas (Too Pure-Beggars Banquet), a relentless barrage of bouncy yet caustic tunes that recall the heyday of bands like the Jesus Lizard and Three Johns, Mclusky's profanity-peppered lyrics ("We honestly didn't realize how much swearing was on it until we went back and listened to it," Falkous claims, "but my mother still says she's proud, so fine by me.") are chock-full of British cultural references, beginning with the trio's name itself. "It comes from a British TV series. Grange Hill." Falkous explains. "Mrs. McLusky was the headmistress. She was a good woman, hard but fair, kind of a less poncey Jean-Luc Picard." Mclusky's throbbing basslines have led some to more primal conclusions. "A few people have told me 'Lightsabre Cocksucking Blues' is their favorite song to have sex to." Falkous says of Dallas's lead track and radio-unfriendly U.K. single. "That's a real stop-start rhythmic kind of sex. You'd need someone with a hi-hat keeping time in the corner of the room." It's also only 111 seconds long. "What do they say, four minutes is the average? You don't want be coming at the beginning of [track three] 'Collagen Rock." Having briefly stormed U.S. clubs in late 2002, Mclusky will test the resilience of Falkous's vocal cords in March with a more extensive Stateside tour. The trio also hopes to reunite with Steve Albini for Dallas's follow-up, which Falkous says will be "a little less power chord-y, more chaotic." More chaotic? Bolt down the valuables. >>>GLEN SARVADY

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VIKTER DUPLAIX

this is from the '80s, right?" asks Vikter Duplaix, as the Dave Clarke remix of Fischerspooner's "Emerge" surfaces on the jukebox in the SoHo Grand's bar. No, Vikter, it's only a toddler. "Why can't people come with something fresh?" he blinks, amazed. His debut album, International Affairs (Hollywood), doesn't necessarily answer why-it shows how. A soulful mishmash of deep house, rock, hip-hop, vintage soul, 21st century skitter 'n' blues and Afrobeat, Affairs suggests the demented divergence of Prince colliding with the idealistic positivism of early '90s dance music. "The record is about sharing some of the finer things I've seen, some of the finer emotions that I've experienced around the world," says Duplaix, whose eclectic DJ sets have earned him global accolades. The 30-yearold got an early start in high school, hanging out with the likes of Jazzy Jeff and spinning rap sets in the burgeoning Philadelphia hip-hop scene. He's produced neo-soul icons like Erykah Badu, Jill Scott and Musiq, but singing on and helming his own record has proven liberating. "I want to be an artist in control of my own destiny and feel like I'm making a solid investment into myself," he says. "I'm not a producer in spirit. I'm an artist in spirit who's been producing for a while. I'm not a studio rat anymore. I outgrew it." >>> RICHARD M. JUZWIAK

"When a band starts life at this level there's great hope ahead."

-The New York Times

THE BAD PLUS

THESE ARE THE VISTAS

The Bad Plus (Reid Anderson on bass, Ethan Iverson on piano and David King on drums) are a new kind of power trio—bringing explosive energy and imagination to a sound that's standing the world on its ear.

See for yourself what lies ahead on their critically-acclaimed debut album, "These Are The Vistas." Featuring original songs and inventive new takes on classics by Nirvana, Biondie, and Aphex Twin.

See The Bad Plus live at New York's Village Vanguard February 11-16.



Produced by Tchad Blake and The Bad Plus.

in Stores Tuesday, February 11

www.thebadplus.com www.columblarecords.com



Good Reef!

Forty years after the sound of the future first radiated out from Liverpool, the Coral are making waves.

ARTIST APPEARS ON THIS MONTH'S





ow many fingers would you need to count bands who namecheck both Captain Beetheart and the Everly Brothers when discussing their music? And of those, how many would also drop '50s doo-wop, '50s folk and psychedelia, classic regges, dub and soul, and good old-fash-ioned rock in '701? Probably just one.

They're called the Coral, and they hail from Liverpool—leave it to the city that spawned the most famous rock band in history to provide an increasingly homogenized music scene with a much-needed does of eclecticism and individuality.

"I think there's a reaction against bonds like Radiohead." Intumo James Skelly offers, attempting to explain how his bond developed. "Not Radiohead themselves, but all the bonds that have copied Radiohead in Britain. They all just sound like shit versions of Radiohead. So, in a way, we were influenced by Radiohead. by trying as hard as we could not to sound like them."

At 22. Skelly is the Coral's eldest; five of the six bandmembers were still in their teens when the band's debut album dropped, and subsequently exploded, in the U.K. last summer. The band-Skelly, his brother Ian on drums, bassist Paul Duffy, keyboardist Nick Power and guitarists Lee Southall and Bill Ryder-Jones-formed in the mid-'90s while still at school in their seaside hometown of Hovlake. It's a long way from New York City, where they're right now basking in the afterglow of their first U.S. shows. The Stateside release of The Coral (Columbia) is still months away. so the two November gigs are supporting the recently released Skeleton Key EP. which features the group's most eccentric track in the title role bolstered by a selection of B-sides and non-album tracks.

"Skeleton Key" surprises at first, with its bizzer face-slap of psycho quik-vock, and the more you experience the Coral's music the more you realize it's all nearly impossible to define. "You can describe each sound," agrees Skelly. "We always say we don't really sound like anyone else. It's like if you've newer heard the Beatles, trying to describe the Beatles to someone—you just can't do it."

As you spend time with The Coral, you begin to understand how each thread ties together, from the story of a man-turnelplant that is "Simon Diamond," to the pirate-like chant of "Spanish Main" to the

singalong stomp of "Dreaming Of You." Of course, this makes you start to wonder what type of fan such an across-the-board formula tends to attract.

"It ranges from. like, 4-year-olds to 84year-olds," says Skelly. "We see all different people at our gigs, from old hippies to little kids who love 'Simon Diamond' because they think it's like a nursery rhyme. And there'll be hippies who love 'Skelston Key,' because they love old Beetheart records and stuff like that."

"You've got to worry about them, though, don't you?" laughs Ryder-Jones. "About what kind of person would be into that."

"If I was a person, I wouldn't be into it," Skelly deadpans.

Their music, and way of talking about it, can come off as deliberately offbeat, but the Coral isn't on a mission to obliterate the mainstream—they're doing what comes naturally.

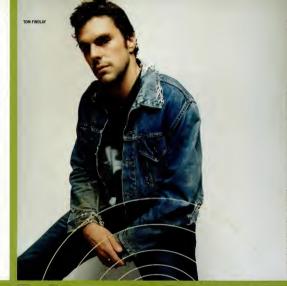
"We think lots of music's good that's straightforward," admits Ryder-Jones. "It doesn't have to be like how you'd imagine us. I'm just imagining what the Americans are thinking about us from what we've given them." "They probably think we only listen to Ornette Coleman," laughs Skelly. "Zapop and Ornette Coleman."

The bandmembers' only real rule is to staunchly avoid artifice. They're already nearly finished with a second album, set for release in the U.K. around the same time their debut hits stores here, and the Lightning Seeds Ian Broudie, who produced The Coral, is again at the helm—his Tessismore' approach helps the band nail the rough sound they want to achieve.

"I don't really like that stadium sheen." soys Skelly. "We like it to be more organic how instruments actually sound. You can't rely that much on technology, because it's got no soul in it. It'll just break down upon you. A trust in a thing between people, that's what we want to get over in our music, because that won't let you down. Keeping the creativity in the music alive is what's important."

"And the stability," adds Ryder-Jones.

"And being mates. If anything was leopardizing that, then it's not worth it." Skelly nods, firmly. 'It's not even music nothing comes before us being mates. The view for us is that it's six lads who are the best mates in the world and that's it. There's nothing really more to it." NHM



With Lovebox, the captains of Groove Armada return for another war on the dancefloor. Only this time, it's personal.

STORY: STEVE CIABATTONI PHOTO: DEREK SANTINI

VOCAL POINT



Andy Cato and Tom Findlay have learned a few lessons since they formed Groove Armada in the mid-'90s—some harsher than others.

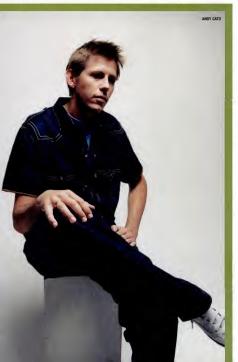
"When you arrive in London, the first thing you realize is that the whole club DJ circuit is a complete mafia tied up by a very small group of people," Cato explains. "The only way you can DJ yourself is to actually do it yourself."

So started Groove Armoda the due and the Groove Armoda club night. Their late-night sets went so well that they decided to throw a party on a boot on the river Thames to celebrate their first anniversary. "We gave this guy an enormous deposit for the boat," says Cato. "But the boot never existed, and he did the runner." (Armoda without boot = massive lony).

With a sprinkling of trippy dance hits over the years, their sway in the business has improved since then. And Cato and Findlay, both men now having hit the big 3-0, claims even more wisdom as they launch their fourth full-length, Lovebox (Jive).

"Our last record was us learning our craft," Findlay says of 2001's Goodbye Country, Hello Nightichb. "We were more interested in things we were doing in the production as opposed to keeping an eye on what the tune sounded like. Lovebox is us getting our heads back on the thing that matters."

What matters is the human touch. The ratio of live performance versus auto-



mated music is tipped in the favor of the Homo scrpiens on Lovebox. Credit that to Groove Armada's increased confidence as an actual performing band as opposed to just your average cliched DI due.

"We got to the point where we were thinking that the peaks of Groove Armada are our live performances," says Got the multi-instrumentalist. "If you've seen us live you know it's very heatic and sweaty. We know we had to capture some of that rawness on an album."

You can hear the difference right away on the rift-heavy opener "Purple Haze," featuring the freestyling Red Rat and Kriminal. The track comes off like a killer hip-hop/dancekall remix of the best Lenny Kravitz song he never recorded. Also breathing more humanity into Lovebox are guests like trip-hop matriarch Neneh Cherry and soul-folk legend Richie Havens, who was also featured on Goodbye Country and has done a few U.K. festivals with Groove Armada. On Remember, however, the album introduces its most unexpected presence, that of the late folk priestess Sandy Denny.

"She's got this spellbinding voice," says Cato. "When Richie first heard it he went very quiet. He took on a very intense look. Apparently in the "70s, Fairport Convention and he did loads of gigs and he and Sandy were quite close."

The track also highlights Groove Armada's increased focus on the song and the singer. "I tried cutting up her vocal sample because the timing is all over the place," says Cato. "But I realized that this song would have to have no fixed tempo. Everything is going to have to be constructed around that because the voice is the main thing. It's a real pain in the ass to do it that way, but it's the only way to do justice to that type of performance."

With the album complete, the main Armada agenda is to make noise in the U.S. "I think we're one of the best live dance acts in the world and we really want to come to America and turn a few heads," says Cato.

"We came over to America a lew years ago when we weren't very good, so I feel like they's a lot of unfinished business," says Findlay, who promises if'll be a real band onstage, not just a standard DJ setup, the one that's a lot like watching two guys install software in front of a video screen.

"On the road you need more than just that heavy danning beat, especially in those areas which have traditional setups. People want to see a singer. They want to see somehody perform. They want to see some hourn-ness." Findley says. There's nothing wrong with beats and bleeps—we love 'em. But it's also good to play around with melodies and harmonies. That's the stiff that makes music timeless." NHM



ELECTRIC COMPANY

Pianist Matthew Shipp mixes it up with Spring Heel Jack, Beans and EI-P for the future sound of iazz.

STORY TAD HENDRICKSON . PHOTO: CYNTHIA FETTY

The Ramones and AC/DC notwithstanding, no one has had a music career of any length without drastically changing. Dylan and Miles Davis both went electric: the Who and the Stones went from pop to rock; U2 has made a much-publicized full circle. With 20 traditional avant-garde jaza (no., that's not an oxymoron) albums already under his belt, pinnish Matthew Shipp felt like he'd painted himself into a corner. So Shipp took his cool cache and put it on the line by changing direction, turning to modern technology and sounds for a new way out.

I think the way that jazz albums are still being made is very tired, and I think it's time to do something about it." Shipp says from his East Village apartment. The idea of jazz artists recording [music] has almost been around for a century now—"In just trying to approach things in ways that are valid for my era and my time."

The first step in this evolution was the Shipp-curated Masses, the 201 Spring Heel Jack collab that fused of the-moment electronic production and free improvisation. Ranging from dark and moody to abstract and eastatic, this bipartisan meeting resulted in the new electric jazz revolution that's since swept through Europe and is currently gaining momentum here in the States. Shipp

assembled the cast of musicians for Masses and oversaw its release as part of the Thirsty Ear Jabel's Blue Series.

As artistic director for the Blue Series, he's also overseen exceptional new electronic-learning jazz albums for Craig Taborn and Guillermo E. Brown, a second Spring Heel Jack album, Amassed (this time with a British team that includes Spiritualized's Jason Pierce) and DI Spooky's Optometry disc, which found the illbient pioneer splicing and dicting improvised source material.

Shipp's own official entrance was with 2002's uneven Nu Bop, on aggressive, sect-of-the-pants fusion of high-octane playing and rudimentary hip-hop and dance beats. Like many experiments, it didn't always work, but Shipp leli it was a necessary step. Texpected a lot more hate mail about the change," he soys. Two beas suprised that people are allowing me to go where I want to go. I expected Nu Bop to really piss people off.

"I was so concerned with proving that I could play over breakbeats, and the idea was for me to completely funk out. Now that I knew I could do something like this, I really wanted to do something with the same compositional subleties as a jazz suite, but with modern beat elements."

The realization is his new disc Equilibrium (Thirsty Ear), featuring a contemplative jazz quartet with Khan jamal on vibes, the ubiquitous William Parker on bass and Gerald Cleaver on drums. Several tracks also feature a skillful infusion of ambient electronics provided by Chris Flam, a New York engineer and electronics guy who also worked on Nu Bop. The new disc is more refined, subtle. "I don't feel the need to bong it over everybody's head," he says.

Shipp is also a player in demand. There's a vet-to-be-named collaborative effort with Def Jux kingpin El-P that will be out later this year, and we'll also see the release of a collaboration with Anti-pop Consortium in 2003, entitled, simply enough, Anti-pop Consortium Vs. Matthew Shipp. "I look at this album as a sort of foot in the door," says Antipop's Beans of what turned out to be the last album for his hip-hop duo. (Beans' solo disc drops in March on Warp.) "I'm a big fan of Sun Ra. Coltrane, Pharoah Sanders and the Art Ensemble, It's where I draw a lot of my influences from."

Beans met Shipp while working at Other Music, a New York record shop the two just began to talk and the album's concept grew for there. For his part, Shipp gets to revisit hip-hop beats with a skilled rapper.

"I actually prefer working with people that understand very little about jazz." Shipp says. "As long as they have a feel for the concept, for what's being done, they don't need to know. The nativeté and mistakes can actually sound fresher." NMM

STORY: TOM MALLON

Little Night

With Televise, Calla lightens up on its 3 a.m. vibe. (But not that much.)

Music

alla don't make for very typical New Yorkers. They're polite, they offer you drinks, they accept compliments graciously. They are totally unpretentious and attitude free; they don't even talk shit about their hometown scene's dubious stature.

"It's great, especially in the last year," guitarist/vocalist Aurello Valle says. "You start seeing all your friends doing really well, and every-body supports each other. We're all friends, and it's a community of musicians who really boliave in what everybody else is doing." They're punctual, as well: Valle and drummer Wayne Magruder arrive right on time-early even—and when bassist Sean Donovan arrives 15 minutes late, waylaid by a statled subwayr train, he's all apologies.

Still, New York magazine singled them out as a local band to watch among all of NYC's lauded style-over-substance acts. Calla's erected an irony-free zone in the post-punk-electro-funked-out borough of Brooklyn, delivering sculpted waves of sound in place of hack 'n' slash rhythms, sensual whispers instead of shouts, atmos samples rather than synth-popredux. The difference between Calla and most of Brooklyn is the difference between a dimly lit lounge and a Times Square T.G.I. Friday's. The words "Gang Of Four" do not apply to them.

All of this may have something to do with the fact that one of the best things in Brooklyn was transplanted there from Texas. Callar rose from the cashes of Valle and Magruder's Factory Press, a Denton band who thought their dark sound would find a more fitting home in New York.



What they found, instead, was the early incarnations of the new garage movement.

"When we came to New York, we'd play shows with people like Jonatham Fire Eater and Speedball Baby, bands like that." Valle says. "What we were doing was definitely different. We felt like a lot of people were going to be doing what we were doing, but that wasn't the case."

After the post-rock poeon of Calla's self-titled debut and its subsequent slow-burning live shows attracted the attention of former Swan/current Young God records head Michael Gira, the band issued 2001's Scavengers, a swirling, swampy, uncomprotation moument to late-night listening that put them onstage with the likes of Nick Cave, Godspeed Youl Black Emperor and Sigur Rôs. But for all the new company it brought them, Calla found that Scavengers' (albeit excellent) after-mid-nicht sound saddled it with limited aroseol.

"(On) everything we did in the past, the mood was different," Valle says. "You know, where you listen to a record and you get a certain atmosphere, a certain vibe from it..."is like something you would listen to at 3 a.m.... If you tried to listen to Scavengers at work, or during the day, or driving the car, it doesn' grab the listener as much."

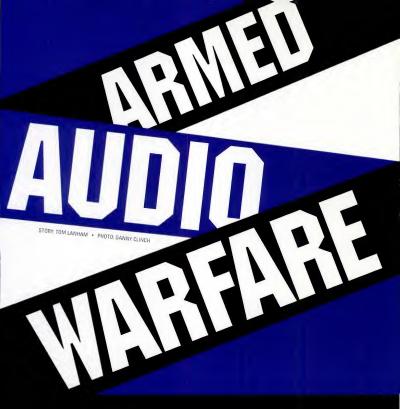
Their third record, Televise (Arena Rock Recording Co.), is

the result of that realization, α 10-song cycle that throws the often minimalist broodings of Scavengers into sharp relief. Absulate ideas are given structure, empty spaces are filled with subtle weakes of sound. Valle's guitar arrangements have expanded from single lines into multiple layers; Magnuder's tribal beats are augmented by α new urgency. Picture Ennio Morricone blowing tumbleweeds through OK Computer and you're getting close: It's still dark, but closer to 9 p.m. than 3 a.m., a quality that Valle savys is not a coincidence.

"With this record, we really wanted to just have something you could listen to at any time regardless of what situation you were in," he says. "We just wanted it to have a bigger impact. It still has the vibe that we've had in previous records, we've just made it more accessible and more driving, more aggressive."

That sound may be helping them fit in a little better with their peers—awek after this interview, they headed out on the road with Interpol—but that result wasn't as intentional. "We've always played with a diverse group of people; we don't always want to play with a rock bond, at the same time, we don't always want to play with a Di." Donovan says. "As long as we like what the person is doing, it kind doesn't matter what they sound like...I don't think we worry too much about our place anymer." NHM





AUDIOSLAVE: It was like those guys who call sports talk radio late at night with impossible dream-team trades: What if now-solo Soundgarden frontman Chris Cornell stepped into Zack's spot in Rage Against The Machine? But what started out as rumors slowly turned into something greater than the sum of its parts. And this project became something real.

The Fantastic Four made a more cohesive-looking unit.

Secret cameras trained on Audioslave as the four partot their separate Santa Monica hotel rooms would reveal little of what makes for a rafter-rattling supergroup. You have drummer Brad Wilk, a slight, unshaven longhair in scrutily jenes and T-shirt, who works a whoc-dued demeanor. Tracksutted and workout-muscular bassist Tim Commerford talks with no-nonsense confidence looksecropped hair to match. Harvard-educated guittaris Tom Morello, a baseball cap over his shaven head, compact and wiry beneath his baggy trousers and "Wobblies" (Industrial Workers Of The World) T-shirt, emits a furtive energy that suggests no-holds-barred is just line with him. Then there's singer Chris Cornell, in a leather jacket and tank top, skintight jeans and scuffed engineer boots, his new SoCal suntan and blond-streaked brown bangs framing on x-ray stare.

The four appear to be tuned into the same brotherly wavelength, however. Wilk "I felt really lucky to be in Audioalceve, like we had a breath of fresh air and a chance to do something really conl." Commerford: "We've made a well-rounded record, where we had no boundaries and we were letting the music organically come out of thin air." Morello: "We never took the easy way out by reaching for a D Jor a sequencer, and all of a sudden we started sounding—not like Rage, not like Soundgarden—but like Audioalcev." Cornell: "We've been through a lot of drama already on our way to becoming a band, some intense shit, big-time, and come out the other side very close. So it's all dowshill from here, or uphill, depending. Whichever road you choose to be the more positive one. but's the one we're on."

It all points to what Wilk describes Audioslave as: "Something much bigger than the sum of its parts—four guys in a room just pouring out their souls to the music." That's saying something, considering the parts involved: former Soundgarden bamshee Cornell, plus in Commerlord, Morello and Wilk, aggroactivist outfit Rage Against The Machine minus now-sol oveculist Zack de la Rocha. Add to that the one other thing that each bandmember mentions in their individual interviews: the importance of their de facts fifth member, Wookie-horired Rick Rubin, who not only produced their eponymous Epic debut, but actually suggested this historic pointing in the first place. And make no mistake the record turned out to be a comeback for everyone involved.

The sound of Audioslave is beefier than typical Rage bombast, sparser than later Soundgarden. And Rubin welded it together using the same minimalist methods he once employed on the Cult's Electric. The disc overpowers you with swift, sharp jobs, not haymakers.

Opening with Morello's scratchy pick-on-string scrapings and a tribal beat from Wilk, lead track "Cochise" quickly dives into a primordial riff that echoes Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love." Cornell keeps his fangs hidden initially, snarling starved-hyena verses like, "Well, I've been watching while you've been couchind I've been drinking life while you've been mouseous."

Then he bares them in the bridge: "Put the blame on me so you don't feel at thing," boying the word 'thing' with a feral zeal that's positively hair-taising. That's when it hits you, just how great it feels to hear this guy singing, really tearing it up at typhoon velocity, again, And what perfect foils he's found in Wilk, Morello and Commerford—they're content to step back and give Cornell some shrieking room.

That this lineup has borne fruit is even more obvious with the second track, "Show Me How To Live," which further ups the ante as Cornell howls at full lupine throttle through a funky, creepycrawling riff. It's a stunning performance he repeats on the next number, the phase-shifting "Gasoline." And the onslaught never subsides. There's a reverb-v brontosaurus ballad, "Like A Stone"; "I Am The Highway," which opens like Aerosmith's "Nobody's Fault" but settles into a Link Wrav-ish groove; a huge crowdpleaser of a metal anthem, "Set It Off"; and a ponderous, funeral procession of a closer, "The Last Remaining Light." Play it again, and you'll pick out more details: the subtle nuances of Cornell's voice, which morphs dramatically from song to song, the vast arsenal of effects Morello employs-which he jokingly dubs his "whole Old MacDonald's Farm of barnvard animals, hidden in my quitar"-and the bison-heavy rhythm section of Wilk and Commerford anchoring the proceedings

With this album, Morello cassents. "All bets are off. And when we first spoke with Chris, we talked about the fact that we wanted the next thing that we did to be the best thing that we'd aver done. We definitely wanted it to be a band, not a...a... project." He practically hisses the term. "Once we started jurning, we wrote 21 songs in about 19 days—it was unreal. It was the newest, greatest thing we'd ever done, and it also felt like we'd played together for 10 years. We pushed each other into different directions, musically, until every day it was really pretty thrilling just to drive down to rehearsal."

The Audioslave chemistry was electric, Morello sweats. And it was exactly the right thing at the right time: After 12 years and 20 million records sold. Seattle grungeslingers Soundgarden had split in '97, with Cornell going on to release one tepidly received solo album. Euphoria Morning. He toured smaller venues to back the disc, and enjoyed the distance from areas superstardom so much, he turned down several support-act offers on larger outdoor "shed" tours. He also had something new on which to concentrate (atherhood. Two years ago, his wife (and former manager) Suson Silver gave birth to girl, Lily, and Cornell discovered that he'd "rather hang out with my daughter than do just about anything—she reminds me of what's avesome and pure about humanity."

Meanwhile, California iconoclasts Rage Against The Machine hit the end of their own almost-decade-long trail in 2000, when the uneven covers anthology Renegades coincided with the departure of mouthpiece de la Rocha.

"It wasn't surprising when Zack left." Commerford says, "because he'd been talking about doing a solo project for a long time, and it was starting to become clear that he wasn't going to be able to do that solo project and still be in Rage. And it happened at a weitd time where I was caught off-guard, and for a minute it was pretty scary. But as soon as Rick Rubin said, "Hey, ou guys should jarm with Chris Cornell!" I started thinking, "Maybe this isn't as bad as it looks—there are definitely some possibilities out there." After composing the first Audioslave song, the jets-landing-on-tarmac-ish "Light My Way," he adds. "We had to figure out if we still wanted to be in Rage, because it was clear that this was not Rage."



So Cornell flew down from Seattle, rented a place in Ojci, and did a daily hour-and-r-half commute into the Hollywood rehearsal space where Audioalove first convened. Which is where his lyrics for road-obsessed tunes like "Gausline," Gettaway Car," and "I Am The Highway" originated, he reckons: There's a theme, but I certainly didn't do it on purpose—it just hoppened by accident. Sometimes if I write a lot of lyrics in a short time, there'll be some recurring metaphors—it was dogs for avhile—but I don't do a lot of editing of that anymore."

But the sessions were no cakewalk. Once the tracks were composed, Rubin became an audio slavedriver. According to Commerford, the producer told the band, "Okay, you guys have made some great music, but we still have a lot of work to do."

"And that's when we really started working on the songs, the basists area," transposing their keys; Julying the verse as the chorus; the bridge as the verse. Just dismantling the songs took months, and it was frustrating because we did more takes per song than we'd ever done in Rage—up to 30. 40 takes on a single song." The members picked up the pricey studio tak themselves, he notes, "because Chris was on one labe! [A&M. Interscope] and we were on another [Epic], and that way they couldn't stop us from doing it.

After toying with potential manikers—Civilian (taken) and Black Hitler (too risque)—the total secieded on Audioalare, which had occurred to Cornell in a dream, along with the logo, a moon-lit have descending on its prey. But problems mounted. Early unrefined cuts were lecked onto the Internet (possibly by a shifty dub-lab runner—the band still isn't sure). Cornell and crew had agreed to do Ozziest 2002, but their separate management (Rubel Waltz and Q-Prime, respectively) couldn't agree on terms. Embittered, Cornell bailed on the tour, possibly the group itself. For several weeks, the future of Audioalare hungring in red-type limbo, (All the political in-fighting that ensued, however, seems to have inspired Cornell's most potent rages against the machine, the betrayat-based "Whaft You Ate" and "Show Me How To Live.")

Eventually, the group found third-party management in the Firm, an Interscope-okayed deal was struck with Epic, and Audioslave was on its way to retail-rack reality. But just because lefty firebrand de la Rocha is aone doesn't mean that Poli-Sci major Morello's waived his old activist agenda. As a play on Bush's absurd "Axis Of Evil," the axeman has, with System Of A Down's Serj Tankian, launched the Axis Of Justice, a non-profit organization/website (www.axisofiustice.org) devoted to what Morello believes is "the true Axis Of Evil in the world: pandemic poverty, degradation of the environment and arms proliferation at great profit. So to help fight for social justice, we're attempting to bring together musicians, music fans, and real grassroots activists to try and have a voice. So domestically, wherever you live, you can plug in and see tonight how you can become involved in whatever issue you may be interested in-labor, racism, globalization, ending the international cycle of violence. It's more revolutionary, I think, to encourage people to speak for themselves than to convince them to listen to some expert speaker."

Besides, Audioalcove has quite an eloquent specker itself in Cornell, 38, who beneath his beening you'd and tough-guy we sterior. is a sensitive guy, thoughtful and soft-spoken. Death, he sighs, has surrounded him lictley. Like the pressing of fellow grunge dum Layne Stelley. "And Jeff Buckley was a good friend of mine, too. And when he died I went through a bad period of thinking, Tuck! I'm probably grann die next, so who gives a shir!" became really closed off. And I don't know that I really had a chance to arrive over that—I'm only stating to open up to it now. Two days

"We wish Zack well, but for us, him leaving turned out to be a blessing in disguise. We wrote more songs with Chris in eight months than we did in eight years with Rage."

ago, I was listening to some live Jeff Buckley stuff in my car, and I just started crying." An Alice In Chains tape booming from a friend's pickup truck affected him similarly.

But how does the man who woofed odes to black days and black hole suns feel now that there's some real sunlight beaming into his life? Cornell does something remarkably rare before responding-he smiles. Great, he says. He feels "just great." Just listening to him talk about his daughter, as he reclines on his hotel-room couch and lazily puffs his umpteenth cigarette, is enough to dispel any preconceived notions. Lily, he says, "was a test-tube baby, so the first few days of her life were in a little petrie dish. And now she's two-and-a-quarter years old, and she's already a person, with her own ideas, her own attitudes. And when they start to become a person, these babies, you just can't imagine or remember life without 'em." Fans might be startled to see it, Cornell chuckles, "but, yes, I'm doing the typical Dad stuff-reading stories, pushing the baby in a stroller at Disneyland and having to drive slower 'cause your baby's in the car. It's, uhhh, taken me a while to figure that one out.

"And I had a lot of panie over September I lith, because I hought. What kind of world have I brought my beby into?" And when the snipers were around, somebody was saying. "Yesh—I'm ducking down when I get gas now." But y know, it somebody wants to cap me and he's that good of a shot, then he's gonna kill me and I don't give a shit. I can't warry about it. And I guess that kinds translates to my daughter—I don't want het to suffer in any way, but if I can be there to love and support her as much as possible, whatever lies he has is gonna be a lot better tham most people's." Cornell folds his arms over his chest, at peace with his new "let go of in significant problems" mindset, "And if the's is a building that a plane crashes into, she's gonna die knowing that she was loved. And that she lived."

There's a connection, with Cornell finding inspiration in birth, appreciating life, as he and his bandmates relish the second chance at rock 'n' roll life they've found in Audioslave.

"We wish Zack well, but for us, him leaving turned out to be such a blessing in disguise. I mean, we wrote and recorded more songs with Chris in eight months than we did in eight years with Rage," grins Morello. "And it was unbelievable, how much fun we were having, So Audioslave is a record we made to be a listening experience from beginning to end, like Led Zeppelin's fourth, or the Clash's London Calling," Coughing an ahem," he hastily corrects himself. "I mean, I'm not comparing it to those classic records, but the ambition was there. From day one, we had a mission to not meet or match expectations, but to defy them." MMM

idlewild • desaparecidos • !!! • radio 4 sahara hotnights • the mooney suzuki

idlewild • desaparecidos • !!! • radio 4 sahara hotnights • the mooney suzuki • ours robert randolph • ok go • fountains of wayne my morning jacket • har mar superstar



IDLEWILD

IRVING PLAZA, NYC 11.02

idlewild was here in the States last fall for a CMJ Marathon showcase, laying groundwork for the upcoming U.S. release of their third LP, The Remote Part (Capitol). Remote shows a much tamer and more pop-driven idlewild, but the band still spazzes just as thoroughly live.

Photo: Justin Scurti



DESAPARECIDOS

IRVING PLAZA, NYC 11.02

Watching Bright Eyes might make you think Conor Oberst is all frail and trembly and shit, but ohh no. He can Pete Townshend with the best of em, as evidenced by the tangle of hair, sweat and soon-to-be-shattered guitar pictured below, from his politico-punk side band Desaparecidos' Ckt.I Music Marathon performance.

Photo: Justin Scurti





IRVING PLAZA, NYC 10.02

Not since Pulp Fiction has someone brought out the gimp in the name of entertainment with such apinom as !!!. Although we sincerely hope that the band doesn't keep bassist Justin Van Der Vojgen, pictured above, in a basket during the day.

Photo: Frank Mullen



Radio 4

bassist/vocalist Anthony Roman calls in from their European tour with the Faint

Where are you right now?
Berlin, Germany.

What were last night's accommodations? Sleeping in our bus with the Faint.

Who in the band has the most annoying sleeping habits? Possibly me or our percussionist PJ—snoring and other strange

What's currently being played on the tour vehicle soundsystem? LCD Soundsystem's "Losing My Edge" 12-inch. What rituals do you have, if any, that are part of every tour?
Never play a show without the brown box—but I can't tell you why and I can't let you see what's in it.

What's been the best show of the tour thus far? Colgne, Germany or Camden Town, London at the Monarch.

What song request are you most tired of hearing? Anything from our first record, The New Song & Dance.

What do you do during the day to occupy your time? Read, listen to music, look at these strange European cities, complain.

What's your personal "code of the road?"
Drink lots of water. Seriously.





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CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY OISC 1

1. AUDIOSLAVE "Cochise" 3:42 from Audioslave (Epic/Interscope)

2. THE BLOOD BROTHERS "Ambulance Vs. Ambulance" 2:49 from Burn Piano Island, Burn (ARTISTdirect)

3. THE CORAL "Dreaming Of You" 2:21 from The Coral (Deltasonic/Columbia)

4. THE EXIES "My Goddess" 2:49 from Inertia (Virgin)

5. SOMETHING FOR KATE "Monsters" 3:39 from Echolalia (SMI/Red Ink/Murmur)

6. MY BLUE PILL "Tagalong" 3:31 from My Blue Pill (Risus Productions)

7. WARREN ZANES "Where We Began" 4:05 from Memory Girls (Dualtone)

8. ROBINELLA & THE CC STRING BAND "Blanket For My Soul" 5:22 from Blanket For My Soul (Columbia)

9. THE BAD FLUS "Smells Like Teen Spirit" 5:67
From These Are The Vistas (Columbia)

10. VIKTER DUPLAIX "Lust For Life" 4:33 from International Affairs v2.0 (Hollywood)

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CMJ NEW MUSIC MONTHLY DISC 2

1 JOHNNY MARR + THE HEALERS "Down On The Corner" 4:25

| trom Boomslang (IMusic)

2 MELLOWDRONE "Fashionably Uninvited" 3:53
| trom A Demonstration Of Intellectual Property (ARTISTdirect)

3. ROTARY DOWNS "Statue Of A Drinker" 3:26 from Long After The Thrill (Static On Vinyl)

4. SOULSCRIPT "There By Now" 4:15 from There By Now (Nobody Big)

5. OWEN "The Ghost Of What Should've Been" 5:08 from No Good For No One Now (Polyvinyl)

6 OPEN HAND "Life As Is" 4:16 from The Dream (Trustkill)

7. PAT ORTMAN "It Begins" 4:19
from The Wow Signal (Empty Street)

8. ALASKA! "The Western Shore" 4:30 from Emotion (B-Girl)

9. NADA SURF "Inside Of Love" 4:58 from Let Go (Barsuk)

10. BAXTER DURY "Fungus Hedge" 4:33 from Len Parrot's Memorial Lift (Rough Trade)

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along dotted lines and insert into jewel case



DISC 1

- 11. DJ ME DJ YOU "New You" 4:46 from *Can You See The Music* (Eenie Meenie)
- 12. NELIKA "Lime Sunday" 3:31 Irom Nelika (Youngworld Industries)
- 13. SOLE "Plutonium" 4:53 from Selling Live Water (Anticon)
- 14. HOMUNCULUS "Here And There" 3:33 from Words (Howling)
- 15. JON LANGFORD + HIS SADIES "Solitaire Song" 2:42 from The Mayors Of The Moon (Bloodshot)
- 16. CHRIS BUTLER "The Idiot Trail" 5:19
 From The Museum Of Me (Future Fossil)
- 17. FRANKLIN BRUNO "Tired Of The West" 4:39
 from A Cal May Look At A Queen (Absolutely Kosher)
- 18. THE SHARP THINGS "Right" 3:14 from Here Comes The Sharp Things (Dive)
- 19. DENISON WITMER "24 Turned 25" 2:06 from Philadelphia Songs (Burnt Toast Vinyl)
- 20. EVERMORE "Slipping Away" 4:06 from Oil & Water EP (Self-Released)

DISC 2

- 11. THE BLOOD GROUP "Burrowed Tune" 3:17 trom Volunteers (Le Grand Magistery)
- 12. THE WARLOCKS "Hurricane Heart Attack" 5:35
- 13. THE GREENHORNES "The Way It's Meant To Be" 2:55
- 14. VARISTOR "Need" 4:38 from 07.28.02 (Hev Frankie)
- 15. AS TALL AS LIONS "Break Blossom" 3:57 from Blood And Aphorisms (As Tall As Lions)
- 16. LADDIO BOLOCKO "The Man Who Never Was" 4:21 from The Life & Times Of Laddio Bolocko (No Quarter)
- 17. KIMONE "In The Warmth Of Meanings Redefined" 5:14
- 18. ILYA "Disturbed" 4:25 trom Poise Is The Greater Architect (IIva)

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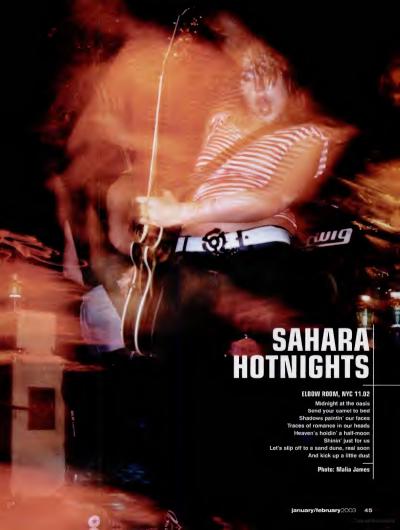






PHOTO: DUSTIN PITTMAN

The Mooney Suzuki

on giving the nation another few gallons of *Electric Sweat* (Gammon).

Where are you right new? Atlanta, Georgia.

How are you traveling (bus, van

Converted short bus.

Who in the bund has the most annoy ing sleeping babits?

Our chain-smoking road manager, who snores like α farm animal with emphysema.



What's currently being played on the

Frank Zappa's Roxy & Elsewhere, Eminem's 8 Mile soundtrack, the new Beck record.

What rituals do you have, if any,

that are part of every tour?

The ancient and sacred "Flushing Money
Down The Toilet" ritual.

What's been the best show of the tour thus far?

Playing with the Strokes and the Realistics

at the Greek Theater in L.A. We got to shake hands with all the famous people who came to see the Strokes.

What song request are you most tired of hearing?

Anything by the New York Dolls or the Ramones.

That's your personal "code of the

When you're going through hell... KEEP GOING!!!





ROBERT RANDOLPH

BOWERY BALLROOM, NYC 10.02

Having gotten his start playing his electrifying pedal-steel sounds in church, Robert Randolph knows how to move a crowd. Even the soulless slackers and unrepentant music jounalists who witnessed Randolph and his Family Band at the 2002 CMA Music Marathon let the power. A live album is in stores and Randolph's joyful noise can also be heard in the new theme music for the NBA on ABC, replacing John Tesh's Old NBC diffy. Now do you believe in God?

Photo: Mark Owens



PHOTO: RICHARD AGUDELO

Ours frontman Jimmy Gnecco gets Precious (DreamWorks) on the road with the Wallflowers.

Where are you right now? Hartford, Connecticut.

What were last night's accommodations?

The back lounge of the bus.

Who in the band has the most annoying sleeping habits? Dave [Milone, guitarist]. Though I wouldn't call them annoying. Just interesting.

What's currently being played on the tour vehicle soundsystem? Citizen Cope and Jellyfish. What rituals do you have, if any, that are part of every tour?
Coffee, coffee, coffee.

What song request are you most tired of hearing? "Free Bird."

What do you do during the day to occupy your time?
Mostly think about the next record.

What's your personal "code of the

What happens on the road stays on the road.





ANSWER ME

OK Go gets road-schooled by tourmates Fountains Of Wayne

in the late \$90. Fountains Of Wayne released two solid, hooky, almost-Costelloian rock records upon a public that had largely been decidened by the overwhelming racket of the woe-begotten era's grunge spin-offs. A few years later, rap-metal has come and more or less gone, diary music appears to be on the wane and we can all be tenklut later IFO.W survived the scourge. They've recorded a new record, lound a new label, and been kind enough to take my band. OK Go, out on a national tour with them. While we had them in our clutches, we tried to get as much advice of them as we could; here, OK Go bassist Tim Nordwind and I talk with F.O.W. founders Adam Schlesinger and Chris Collinaryood. "SWIM MESS"

Damien: OK guys, give us your best touring advice.

Chris: Scented candles and pornography.

Adom: There's kind of a Zen to touring that you just have to get into; you just have to be really mellow all the time. I mean, any five people piled together in a bus for a year will start to annoy each other at times.

Damian: You're telling me. We're not even in a bus. We're still rockin' the vanstyle. What's it like when you graduate to the bus?

Chris: Well, we've had some pretty crappy busses. There was one named the Stinkhorn?

Adam: We heard about this bus in Oklahoma that you could rent for a dollar a day or some ridiculously cheap price. It was a converted Greyhound from the early '60s with bunks that would routinely fall off the wall.

Damian: With people in them?

Adam: With people in them. With people under them.

Charis: The suspension was totally shot, so alseping in the back was near impossible, Jody (Porter, F.O.W. guitarisil, who was always the wastedest, would go back there because he could sleep through just about anything. The toilet was right next to the bunk, though. You'd go back for a pee and with every bump, blue toilet stuff would bounce up on him.

Dermiant: Seems like it might be hard to work under those circumstances. Do you guys ever write when you're on tour?



Adam: Chris just finished a song called the "Lonely Boner Song."

Chris, singing: "Make my lonely boner go away, it's been growin' exponentially all day..." It's a great song.

Tim: Sounds like a hit.

Adam: Honestly, it's really hard to be productive on the road. There have been times when I've written something just to force myself to do it. I remember buying a little cassette four-track from a European pown shop and forcing myself to do a demo just to keep my brain active. I don't even remember what it was for, now. but the fact that it got finished was sort of an accomplishment.

Chris: Oh here's some good tour advice: Try not to leave people behind.

Adam: Yeah, we've actually done that several times. Brian | Young, drummer| has gotten left twice. In '99 we left him in Baltimore and drove all the way to Boston for some radio festival and honestly didn't know he wasn't on the bus until like 15 minutes before show time. We figured he was in catering or something or something or something.

Damian: What'd you do for the show?

Adam: One of the guys at our label was a drummer and he came up to us and was like, "I know all your songs, dude. Let me do it."

Damiem: Was he good?

Adam: Yeah, mostly. So I guess the moral is: Make sure somebody at your label can play your songs.



MY MORNING JACKET

BOWERY BALLROOM, NYC 11.82

Behold the rock. You'd never think that the haunting modeliness that verges on classic country spun by My Morning Jacket would inspire a mass sprouting of hornhands. But this Louisville, Kentucky band, an Icon in Benelux countries, achieves many wondrous things. Here, leader Jim James manages to look like what James Hetfield thinks he sees in the mirror.

Photo: Mark Owens





Har Mar Superstar

weighs in from the tighty-whiteydestroying tour for You Can Feel Me (Record Collection).

Where are you right now?

At the Troubadour [in West Hollywood].

What were last night's

My friend Gabe's house in Berkeley.

How are you traveling (bus, van, etc.)?

By big, black van.

Who in the band has the most

Me. I am the only one and I snore very loudly—if I sleep at all.

What's currently being played on the tour vehicle soundsystem? There are two: Nico's Chelsea Girl and Missy Elliot's Under Construction.

What rituals do you have, if any, that are part of every tour? The dance of free cocaine and blowjobs.

What's been the best show of the tour thus fer?

I've already played over 40 dates and I don't remember most of them.

What song request are you most tired of hearing?

"Girl, You're Stupid." It's a stupid song and I hate playing it.

What's your personal "code of the road?"

Never shit on someone's tour bus.

localzine



Christ Church, Barbados, STORY MIKE TUMMINIA AND SANDRA BOSHER WEST INDIES

Barbados: an island in the Caribbean, land of the flying fish, home of Mount Gay rum and the (onetime) world's third fastest man. Follow the curve of islands that make up the Caribbean chain down toward Latin America, and near the end

you'll reach this bit of tropical paradise, thrown slightly out to the east. But this corner of the world isn't only about sunshine, palm trees and idyllic beaches: Off the well-beaten tourist track hides the true vibe of Barbados.

Drive around the perimeter: You'll find serene, quiet waters on the west coast of Barbados. loud waves crashing onto deserted beaches on the east, a weather-beaten landscape up in the highlands and twisting, winding one-lane roads and busy highways downtown. Such diversity is reflected in the music that seeps from every street corner, every rum shop and nighttime jam in the country.

The pulsating rhythms of soca, regage and dancehall can be heard pounding from customized cars parked outside the many fetes where local Dis lic' down some tracks. The younger generation has taken its cultural music, fused it with rock, hip-hop and R&R influences and created its own blend of rhythms. Part of the Caribbean circuit that has nurtured the talents of dancehall stars Beenie Man, Sean Paul and Bounty Killer, Barbados has also played host to international acts like Shaggy, indie bands such as Lava Baby from New York City and reagge giants Third World, Maxi Priest and Steel Pulse. The island has a vibrant calenday of musical events: January sees the Jazz Festival, March hails the Spring Break Lime Music Festival (live music on the beach by local, indie and national acts), the Congaline Carnival gives the stage to both local, regional and international performers at the end of April and the Crop Over Festival in July and August is the high point on the calendar for soca and calypso. You can find more information about these events at www.brzbados.or.

Always check newspapers The Nation (www.nationnews.com) or The Barbados Advocate (www.barbadosadvocate.com) for information on what's going on, as you might well be able to catch a reggae or dancehall event at the National Stadium (Waterford, St. Michael: 426-0627) or one of the many clubs that spring up from nowhere and disappear just as quick. The heartbeat of entertainment is St. Lawrence Gap on the south coast. Known simply to locals as "The Gap," it's the party strip of the island, restaurants, nightclubs and live music venues tripping over one another. Live music jostles with street vendors and taxi drivers on most nights of the week, but on Thursday the local crowd steps out in force to lime (hang out) with their friends and check their favorite bands, whether it be rock at McBride's Pub & Cookhouse (435-6352) or R&B at The Ship Inn (435-6961). You can also head west along the south coast road and drop into Club Extreme (at Worthing Main Rd., Christ Church; 435-4455), the latest addition to the scene and one of the top music venues in the Caribbean.

If you find yourself with the late-night munchies, check **The Redman** (directly opposite The Ship Inn, St. Lawrence Gap, Christ Church), a food stall with tasty local fare from fish to BBQ chicken hot off the grill. Beg nicely and they might just organize a kickass chicken sandwich, laced with Redman's special sauce. On Friday nights Oistins Fish Fry (Oistins Fish Market, Christ Church) is the place to be; here, visitors can hang out with locals and eat some soul food Bajan-style, while the throbbing beats of soca music bound from soundsystems set up in the doorways of bars on both sides of the street. Continue toward the capital, Bridgetown, and you'll butt up on The Boatyard (Bay Street, Bridgetown, St. Michael, 436-2622), as hip during the day as it is at night.

LOCAL LOGIC: BARBADOS'S BEST

So very retre that it's gotta be done experience: THE GLOBE DINVE-IN Adam's Castle, Christ Church; 437-4479, Not complete without dinner from the anackette. Essential excursion: Hire a moke, drive around the maze of roads that criss-cross the island. Slope off at any of the runs shops you encounter along the way and play some dominoses of fire a shot of Extra Cold run. Place to visit if your sultcase goes missing: LASY DAYS SURF SHOP (Quayside Centre, Rockley, Christ Church; 435-8115, You can even get a skateboard if you need to get around. Stepoff some roadsy reagae:

Stopoli for some rootsy reggae: TEMPLE YARD (Cheapside, Bridgetown, St. Michael). Rastafarian handiwork and crafts, some serious rootsy sounds and great Ital (vegetarian) food. Drinking hole: MOJO (Worthing Main

Rd., Christ Church; 435-9008). Cool music, good food, great vibe. Local brew: BANKS BEER. Available everywhere.

ter than that?"



Surf spot: Year-round go for SOUP BOWL at Bathsheba in St. John, but if the wind is your thing, visit SILVER ROCK during the summer.

Wild time at sea: Cruise on the IOLLY ROGER...vou have been warned. Representation of Barbados-bred music: Anything from the CRS MUSIC label (www.crsmusic.com).

Freehier HARROUR LIGHTS (Marine Villa Upper Boy Street, St. Michael: 436-7225). Wednesday nights, drinks free, There might be a queue but it's worth the wait. Way to get here for Spring Break: SUN SPLASH TOURS at 1-800-426-7710 or www.sunsplashtours.com.

OUT WITH THE IN-CROWD:

DEREK WILKIE owner CBS Music: "For me it has to be Bathsheba, on the East Coast. The beauty and serenity of the surroundings clear my mind and allow me to think straight. It empowers me. We have to understand and appreciate that embracing nature is becoming part of the real world "

MIKEY HULSMEIER, owner of Red Dog Studios/drummer: "An afternoon at the racetrack at The Garrison Sayannah (Barbados Turf Club. The Garrison, St. Michael, 426-3980) studying the horses and making the odd wager or two always helps to take my mind off the studio, and allows me to relax and be entertained purely by the environment and the people around me. There's people from all walks of life, food and drink available and it's a free lime-what could be betBUGGY, chanter (rapper):

"Check out Le Club (Cavans Lane, Bridgetown, St. Michael) on Saturday nights. The music is mainly dub, dancehall and hip-hop, with a little calvoso, There's a great atmosphere, always a party crowd-plus it's where the bashment bunnies hang out! Afterwards we'll head to the street vendors on Baxter's Road (St. Michael) for some authentic traditional Bajan food with some hot pepper sauce to soak up the alcohol." LAWRENCE, man-about-town:

"Roku Reach Club (Sunset Crest/Holetown St. James, 432-6038) is a must on a Saturday night—the excellent local R&B band 4D People performs outside and when they're done, it's inside to the Casbah Nightclub for the rest of the night, 'coz they'va got the widest variety of music and a cool, sophisticated ambience."



THE JOLLY ROSER

best new music 🏾 🗷



www.pureyukon.com File Under Into the wild R.I.Y.L.

Sebadoh, Freedy Johnston, Idaho



icture the wide-open, sparsely inhabited vistas of the outer reaches of the 49th state and you've got a pretty clear idea of how Emotions' 11 tracks are constructed. These are character sketches from the edge of civilization where the "Sun Don't Shine" for much of the winter and its return ("Lost The Gold") is reason for rejoicing. It's a rugged vision, but there's plenty of beauty to be had if you peer through the haze covering the creatures that Russ Pollard (Sebadoh) and Imaad Wasif (joining Pollard and Lou Barlow as the New Folk Implosion) turn loose. The rough exteriors on some songs, recorded in the wilds of Malibu, California, make them impenetrable at times, so much that a pickaxe is almost needed before the pair's colorful orchestrations can be broken free. The frost disappears in enough spots, though, as when Shon Sullivan's cello pairs with a dual-guitar/two-part-harmony combo on "Rust And Cyanide," or a sleepy-eyed protagonist sings, "I wasn't happy/ I wasn't sad/ It wasn't black/ And it grew clear when the summer came" on "Resistance." As much as lyrics like "You gotta run from the from the modern age, man" ("In My Time") recall the break-freeof-society allure of the wilderness (see Ion Krakauer's Into The Wild) Emotions isn't the sound of a harsh environment, but one of the intimacy and circumspection it breeds. >>> CHAO SWIATECKS

THE BLOOD GROUP 🕕



Volunteers Le Grand Magistery

t's obvious that things are going to be grim when, not a minute into the Blood Group's full-length debut, vocalist Miss Jessica B sighs. "We're all washed up and that's the looocoocooong of it," dragging out each breath like it's her last. Grim it may be, but it's not washed up by a long shot: Volunteers delivers curl-up-and-die-with-a-bottleof-scotch music for the electronic set, sounding like Portishead stripped of their orchestras and turntables and crammed into a home studio. The Staten Island duo (Jessica B and James Jackson Toth, both on vocals and keys) vacillates between synth washes and no-smoking film noir. "Borrowed Tune" tugs on heartstrings with nothing more than a few widescreen synths, while "Blue Moon #3" wraps lessica's Julee-Cruise-at-age-12 vocals in moody organs for a perfect Twin Peaks feel. Part of the record's strength should be credited to producer DM Seidel, who augments the all-electronic feel of their previous EP, Everything Forgotten Gathers At The Ceiling, by bringing in more human elements, occasionally swapping drum machines for live beats and adding touches like the weepy harmonium of "Lately I've Had A Hard Time" or the hurdy-gurdy that graces "Pagans." A few tracks veer into some seriously weird territory-especially the interludes produced by Def Jux cohort NASA Ives, one of which mixes royal fanfare with Residential guitar creaks-but for the most part it's the soundtrack your soon-to-be-slit wrists have been begging for. >>>TOM MALLON



www.magistery.com

File Under Electric ennui R.I.Y.L.

Her Space Holiday, Portishead, Depeche Mode, Mono

CAL FXICO Feast Of Wire



rusted-out wire fence. Sleeping under a cardboard box while a red clay sunset looms. Town squares so deserted that even the birds have no business there. Southwestern desolation is a longtime theme for Calexico, the Tucson, Arizona roots-rock collective whose sound is as mutable as the border culture it reflects. On the band's latest, Feast Of Wire, stark spaghetti-western imagery and lush chamber pop strings combine with Latin rhythms, mariachi trumpets and pedal steel guitars, vielding often beautiful and sometimes unsettling results. "Black Heart" oozes a druggy, Portishead ambiance, while singer Joey Burns warbles about a sinister force that's spreading across the land like an apocalyptic plague. And "Woven Birds" is a lovely, downtrodden waltz about the passing of traditions in a dead-end town. That same hopelessness permeates the break-for-the border, better-life saga of "Across The Wire." But it's not all bleak: The instrumental "Close Behind" is so fun in its overthe-top cinematic way that you can almost see the guy in the black hat gaining on the guy in the white hat: "Attack El Roboti Attacki" is a smoky, sexy cocktail trifle. Sometimes the Esquivel-lounge vibe borders on kitsch, but the courage of the band's convictions dispels any idea of irony. Even if you only hear mariachis on Cinco De Mayo, Feast Of Wire is a thrill. >>>MICHELLE KLEINSAK



www.casadecalexico.com File Under Pistol-dueling music for urban hipsters RIYL Giant Sand, Palace, Lambchop

THE DELGADOS

Hate Beonars Banquet



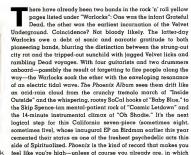
www.delgados.co.uk File Under Grandiose symphonic pop R.I.Y.L Spiritualized, Mercury Rev. the Flaming Lips' The Soft Bulletin

ate, the fourth album from Scotland's Delgados, opens with a moment of cinematic strings, adds the massed voices of a choir, then crashes into the saturated pounding of tympani before Emma Pollock's lovely voice cuts through the grandiose din. "The Light Before We Land" is a thrilling beginning for an album that matches wide-eved symphonic pop with dark and bruised lyrics. "All You Need Is Hate" follows suit: Alun Woodward sings "Hate is everywhere/ Look inside your heart and you will find it there," to a chorus worthy of that other band who idealistically claimed love is all you need. As on 2000's The Great Eastern, the Delgados work with Tony Doogan (Belle & Sebastian) and Dave Fridmann (Mercury Rev, Flaming Lips), and Hate blends moments of quiet reflection with orchestral crescendos, jangly guitars with pizzicato strings, lilting melodies with bombastic choirs. Pollack and Woodward alternate lead vocals throughout the 10 tracks; Pollack tends to search for light in the darkness (the sumptuous "Coming In From The Cold") while Woodward wallows in cynical, blackly humorous pessimism ("Life isn't precious and life isn't sacred," he posits in "The Drowning Years"). If it weren't for the redemptive powers of the dense, exhilarating arrangements, Hate would be a hard pill to swallow. As it is, it's a bracing, gorgeous wonder, >>>STEVE KUNGE

best new music 🍬 🚜 👌

THE WARLOCKS (F) Phoenix Album

ing environment. >>>MATT OSHINSKY



case you may want to lower the dosage and get to a safe, comfort-



www.thewarlocks.com File Under California State Acid Rehab Program R.I.Y.L Spiritualized, Black Rebel Motorcycle Club. Velvet Underground

DENISON WITMER 🕕

Philadelphia Songs **Burnt Toast Vinyt**

enison Witmer is a talented singer/songwriter-that's plain. But he's also a casualty of love, and that's what ultimately makes his music so moving. Philadelphia Songs, his third full-length, seems to be meant for a special someone-rather, a former special someone-and no one else. Not that the songs aren't fully realized; they are and beautifully so. But the rainy-day auitars and intensely personal, even confessional lyrics filled with local references make these dour tunes feel like private conversations that the rest of us are eavesdropping on. The tearjerker "Stations," with its crying lap steel and delicate harmonies, asks, "Can you promise me you still love what you loved when you left?" Occasionally, Witmer ratchets up the guitars a notch, as on "Sets Of Keys" and "24 Turned 25," coming off like Duncan Sheik minus the lush orchestration and over-production. But his achingly honest voice is what ultimately carries these expressions of love and longing. The beautiful packaging, filled with coffee table-quality photos of the disc's namesake city adds to the experience. The CD does the same, but not as positively; at only half an hour, the disc has the feeling of a relationship forestalled. Philadelphia Songs shows Witmer has mastered musical melancholy, even if the disc's nine songs feel like a tour around the block that leaves you longing for an extended stay, >>> NORM ELROO



www.denisonwitmer.com File Under The city of unrequited love R.I.Y.L

Don Peris, Elliott Smith. **Duncan Sheik**

NEW RELEASES FROM SADDLE CREEK





REVIEWS

THE ALLIMINUM GROUP DEVENDRA BANHART BITTER, BITTER WEEKS BLUEBIRD BROKEBACK CHRIS BUTLER RY COODER & MANUEL GALBÁN CROC SHOP JOHN CUNNINGHAM VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Detroit Experiment DJ ME DJ YOU BAXTER DURY THE EXIES THE GREENHORNES HOMUNCULUS LORNA HUNT ILYA KIMONE LADDIO BOLOCKO JON LANGFORD AND HIS SADIES BOB LOG III JESSE MALIN JOHNNY MARR & THE HEALERS THE MICROPHONES RAMSAY MIDWOOD JASON MORPHEW VARIOUS ARTISTS: Morvern Callar Soundtrack NADA SURF THE NOTWIST **OPETH** OWEN FRI FND ØYF PRIMAL SCREAM LOU REED THE SEA & CAKE THE SHARP THINGS VIRGIL SHAW SOLE TORIN SPROUT MICK TURNER VARISTOR

VARIOUS ARTISTS:

WHY MAKE CLOCKS

ZION I



Link www.wishingtreerecords.com File Under

Snacking could ruin your dinner
R.I.Y.L.

Saint Etienne, Stereolab, the
Alan Parsons Project's "Eye In
The Sky"

THE ALUMINUM GROUP

Happyness Wishing Tree

Who hasn't hummed along to music in the grocery store? Thoughts often wander when one is scanning the label on a soup can or the headlines of the Weekly World News. Seconds later, in a moment of weakness, a piped-in Alan Parsons Project melody infiltrates unsuspecting ears then sneaks out through sealed lips. It happens to everyone. After all, the tunes are familiar, even infectious, and homogenized to soothe the mind and lull it into a kind of defenseless stupor, Brothers Frank and John Navin. better known as the Aluminum Group, give the world Happyness, another collection of pop gems for the next gen-

eration of grocory store shoppers. With guest appearances from John Herndan (Tortoise, the Sea And Cake) and John McEntire (Tortoise, Stereolab) and the help of what could be an old Casio keyboard stuck on Jazzanova, the two build smart pop tunes out of innocauous background music. Biting lyrics occasionally belie the album's flittering beats and 70s A.M. radio underpinnings, though most racks (particularly We're both Hilding' and "Oxygen") strike on tracks (particularly We're both Hilding' and "Oxygen") strike on the balance too much Happyness may inspire cravings for fluorescent lights, shipp buffed floors and copious amounts of Exey Cheese or, frankly, a more substantial listen. But consumed in small amounts the Aluminum Group is pure delectable pop goodness. >>>Month Esso

DEVENDRA BANHART



www.younggodrecords.com
File Under
Lo-fl outsider psychedelic folk
R.I.Y.L.
Tyrannosaurus Rex, Syd

Barrett, Daniel Johnston

DEVENDRA BANHART

Oh Me Oh My... Young God

With little more than an acoustic guitar and double-tracked vocals. Devendra Benhart conjures a weird, unsettling world on Oh Me Oh My full title: Oh Me Oh My The Day Goes By The Sun Is Setting Dogs Are Dreaming Lovesongs Of The Christmas Spirit). Benhart heils from Texas, but his is the Texas of iconoclasts like Roky Erickson and Daniel Johnston—outsiders with a loose grip on reality and a flatir for memarable melodies. Oh Me Oh My is full of psychedelic reveries and surrealistic songlets—"Lend Me Your Teeth" just repoets, insistently, threeteningly. Tim

lost in the darb! Lend me your teeth' for just under two minutes. Soon is Good's a dead-ringer for starty-peed, pre-T. Rex Marc Bolan; when Banhart locks into some la-di-da-das, you could swear you're hearing a lost Bolan demo, especially with the four-track hiss that's present throughout the album. But Banhard doesn't seem to imitate anyone consciously: Oh Me Oh My reveals a private, cryptic inind, one that's both becutiful and strange. The tender "Pumpkin Seeds" is a fingerpicked folk lament that hinges on the line "there's a lot of love, but not the kind I need." Conversely, perversely. "Nice People' turns' you certainly are nice people' into a screeching accusation. Banhart's high, wavering voice and quirky imagery make Oh My a compelling, disconfilting listen. "STATTE RIBBET

We're A Happy Family: A Tribute To The Ramones



www.bitterbitterweeks.com File Under Lilting acoustic folk R.I.Y.L. Donovan, Ray Davies, Jeremy Enigk, Alex Chilton

RITTER RITTER WEEKS

Bitter, Bitter Weeks My Pal God

If you had to guess the time and place this 12-song acoustic collection was crafted, it wouldn't be unjustified to think of England in the mid-1960s. There's just enough melodic whimsy and unadorned acoustic strumming to suggest that period when folksingers were discovering pop music. Except you'd be way, way off. Bitter, Bitter Weeks is the current work of one Brian McTear, a record producer and recording engineer (Swearing At Motorists, Burning Brides) from Philadelphia. Hardly merry ye olde anyplace. Yet the album, recorded simply with little

reverb and primarily one microphone, sounds like a distant work. It's partly McTear's voice, a gentle childlike instrument that expresses fresh wonder with an unusual accent, not unlike the frail underpinning of Alex Chilton or Sunny Day Real Estate's Jeremy Eniak, As McTear professes, "These are the best days of my life," the cynicism underneath the tune hardly seems real. But the primitive recording approach also defines the album. Just as the Palace Brothers' early work attempted to replicate the raw feeling of an Alan Lomax field recording, Bitter, Bitter Weeks uses its rudimentary nature for charm. Guests occasionally add backup harmonies, pedal steel and harmonica, but the overall vibe is one of solitude, of a world best left to progress at its own pace, undisturbed. >>>ROB O'CONNOR

CHRIS BUTLER (FI)

The Museum Of Me Future Fossii

Multi-instrumentalist Chris Butler cut his

teeth in the mid-70s with Ohio art-punks

Tin Huev, and later achieved success (if

not fame) as the Svengali behind Patty

Donahue's Trilby in the Waitresses, Since then, he's devoted himself to preserving

the dodo birds of technological progress.

breathing new life into antiquated, even

"obsolete" recording devices: Neumann

vinyl-cutting lathes, monophonic tape

decks, and notoriously delicate mid-cen-

tury wire recorders (the kind Alan Lomax

collected folk songs on) all figure in the



www.nutscape.com/ChrisButter File Under Lost and lound sound R.I.Y.L. They Might Be Giants, Brian

Link

Wilson, Thomas Edison

making of The Museum Of Me. One song, the jug-bandish "Thinking About Them Girls," even combines digital techniques with a guitar-and-vocal performance waxed (literally) onto a 100-year-old Edison cylinder. (The multitrack cassette and reel-to-reel machines that show up elsewhere aren't as outmoded just yet, but it won't be long.) What's fascinating isn't merely that these methods of reproducing sound make the listener aware of the recording process, but the way the 'nostalgic' sound quality rubs up against Butler's unmistakably contemporary songwriting sensibilities. An outstanding quitarist and lyricist (if a wobbly vocalist), Butler skewers the futility of human endeavor ("The Idiot Trail") and blue-collar politics ("The Bottom Of A Workingman's Beer") alike with cheerfully misanthropic wit. Imagine reading a hand-lettered edition of Infinite Jest, or watching Seinfeld through a steropticon: The mismatches between medium and message on The Museum Of Me are almost that jarring. >>>FRANKUN BRUNG

Link www.bluebirdsounds.com File Under Proof the hardcore kids are listening to pop music R.I.Y.L

Rival Schools, Queens Of The Stone Age, Foo Fighters

RIMFRIRM

Hot Blood Dim Mak

While some bands tend to drift further toward the fringes with each release. California's Bluebird got through the awkward phase early on, and proof that they've matured into a clear-cut yet still uncompromising act is right here on their latest and most easily digestible offering. Seemingly following the lead of sludge wizards-turned-MTV-rockers Queens Of The Stone Age, Hot Blood sees Bluebird ditching all but the basics of their earlier posthardcore sound and churning out edgy riff-rock worthy of an arena full of pumping fists. Dark grooves stand beside the mellifluous vocals of Sam

Velde to create tunes that stumble in and out of a foreboding catchiness. Some of the disc's cheekier moments have an allegiance to Hot Snakes-style chaos, but on the whole, Hot Blood is an aggressive block of rock that plays it surprisingly safe (save for the forgettable guitar effects-riddled closer "Lillie May"). A cred-boosting guest appearance by Wayne Kramer must have been a nice experience for the boys in the band, but the best moments on the record come when the group tears through the no-frills rockers and leave nothing to the imagination. Here, the band takes a step forward by not trying to stretch in the name of angularity. If the commercial success of utilitarian rock like the Queens and Foos means anything, simply rocking out might just be coming back, >>>PETER D'ANGELO



Link www.nonesuch.com File Under Lagartos del Salón

RIYL. Marc Ribot Y Los Cubanos Postizos, Bill Frisell, Buena Vista Social Club

RY COODER & MANUEL GALBÁN

Mambo Sinuendo Nonesuch

Now that everyone and his hermano who played a role in the Buena Vista Social Club has released a solo project. the time has come for the BVSC's deferential gringo mastermind Ry Cooder to revisit the Latin groove. Teaming with Cuban guitarist Manuel Galbán. Cooder presents another non-traditional version of traditional music. (Is that a drum machine on the title track?) Like the BVSC. Mambo Sinuendo is rustic Cuban fare, but it's spooky and jazzy with blues, country and assorted Caribbean spice mixed in as well. Cooder's woozy slide guitar on "Bolero Sonámbulo" suggests a sort of Hawaiian hangover, exactly the kind of gesture that gives Mambo

Sinuendo its mysterious beauty. In many ways, Cooder and Galbán's take on island music is not unlike Bill Frisell's impressionistic swatches of Americana. The opening "Dru Me Negrita" lopes like a spaghetti western theme, with Cooder and Galbán twirling lazy lassos of echoey guitar across the beat. What's missing here are the great vocal performances (save two tracks with a female chorus) that gave the BVSC a joy that transcended the music. But there's no lack of passion here, it's just that Cooder and Galbán have different aims. It's more like last call at the BVSC and Ry and Manuel are there to play dance music for bleary-eved dreamers. >>> STEVE CIABATTONI





Link

RROKFRACK Looks At The Bird Thrill Jockey

LICK TURNER Moth Drag Cliv

If you forget that old critical adage for a moment and allow yourself to judge these albums by their covers. you'll actually get a pretty fair sense of what's happening on the inside as well. The differences in artistic approach are synonymous with each album's musical aesthetic, as they float and flutter above a minimalist post-rock landscape. (Select college students reading this may be eligible for one arts elective credit.)

Those colorful birds in suspended www.thrilliockev.com animation on the Brokeback disc (as www.dragcity.com painted by Sea And Cake bassist Eric File Under Claridge) are rendered in a refined High above post-rock style with clear outlines against a R.I.Y.L. perfect blue sky. The birds are in full Chicago Underground Trio. flight so there's a sense of freedom Dirty Three, Tortoise here, but there's also a sense of order. even with so many birds in the frame.

Brokeback's guiding forces, Douglas McCombs and Noel Kupersmith, known for their work keeping the low end for Tortoise and Chicago Underground Trio respectively, build up layers of bass, guitar and digitally tweaked percussion with Chicago Undergrounders Chad Taylor (drums) and Rob Mazurek (coronet). With so many improvisers of groove involved, including Tortoise's Ion McEntire, the result is surprisingly refined: each musician still has ample room to breathe. On "Lupé," sparks from Mazurek's coronet cut through the track's jazzy noir undergrowth like flashes of light from above. Laetitia Sadier and Mary Hansen from Stereolab guest on "Name's Winston, Friends Call Me James," adding rounds of wordless coos and agahs to the mix. Their breathy melodies seem to hang in the gir. like feathers aloft in the soft, rhythmic breeze supplied by the hum of organ, bowed double bass and skittering percussion.

The lone moth (we're assuming that's what's lurking in those impasto swirls) on Mick Turner's album is represented in thick, bold strokes, using as few colors as possible. The painting, done by the Dirty Three guitarist himself, has the sort of unedited. one-take approach as each of Moth's 19 parts. Turner wants you to hear more than just the strings of his guitar; he wants you to hear the whole beast, see every brush stroke. Moth opens with a fragment played on a nylon string guitar, which is scraped and plucked and pounded upon. In doing this, Turner lets you hear the size of the room where he's strumming and shuffling about. And, just in case you haven't gotten it, his dogs bark in the distance. This is not lo-fi for lo-fi's sake; Turner is setting a real mood here, not just scrawling out a D.I.Y. manifesto. Elsewhere, delicate loops of electric and acoustic guitar are often greeted by daubs of piano and melodica. These brief sketches on Moth often sound unfinished, ending abruptly or just fizzling out. But on second thought, what else would you add? >>>STEVE CIABATTONI

CROC SHOP CROCEHOP-4U@BLd

World Metropolis



Link www.crocshop.com File Under Apocalypse...now R.I.Y.L. The Faint, Nitzer Ebb. Alex Provas films The continued existence of bands like New Brunswick's Croc Shop (formerly Crocodile Shop) essentially explains the difference between a fad and a subculture: The cultural face of the gothicindustrial complex seems to be the manifestation of a perpetual subterranean alienation and pointed, interminable outrage at Biff-and-Muffy conformity. Croc Shop, in particular, has survived because they're at once ideologically steadfast and yet able to twist their sound ground different begt styles. In fact, the opener/title track sounds like some sort of ominous speed-house.

while "Superficial" and "Gone" possess distinct trance undercurrents. But for classicists, "Generation" and "Blackout" are paradigmatic, minimalist electro-industrial, in the vein of legendary menmachines Nitzer Ebb and Front 242. For fashionability points, on "Try," Croc Shop nicks a riff from Gang Of Four and proceeds to show up current media darlings the Rapture in the disjointed Euro-funk department. Throughout, Mick Hale's morose, fuzzed-up vocals and caustic lyrics are more chilling than engaging, but no one ever said the apocalypse would be pleasant. And as if to castigate the politically bereft torchbearers of the current musical zeitaeist, on "Generation." he implores, "Say something real/ Anything that matters to you." He shouldn't hold his breath, >>>KEN SCRUDATO



Link www.parasol.com File Under Beatles-influenced British eccentricity R.I.Y.L. Rufus Wainwright, Robert Wyatt,

Harry Nilsson, Scott Walker

JOHN CUNNINGHAM

Happy-Go-Unlucky Parasol

Given just two notes of his parlor piano and lilting voice it's easy to identify John Cunningham's country of origin (England) and favorite band (the Beatles, circa Magical Mystery Tour). His fondness for Britain's music hall tradition, with its igunty keyboards and muted string and brass accompaniment, yields gems in the "Penny Lane" vein, while his quitar compositions draw upon "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds" and "Dear Prudence." The less derivative and uncharacteristically peppy standout "You Shine" even cribs lyrics from "We Can Work It Out," a seeming wink that Cunningham's in on the joke. Despite such hero worship, the

impression left by Happy-Go-Unlucky isn't one of a shameless imitator. but rather of an addition to a vaunted line of eccentric British songsmiths like Syd Barrett and Robert Wyatt (whose voice Cunningham's closely resembles). Scuff up a vinyl copy of this disc and it could easily be pawned off as a misplaced artifact of the early-70s U.K. art-folk revival, filed alongside a musically bouncier (but no less lyrically despondent) Nick Drake. Cunningham can pen a decent tune in his own right, and his mini-orchestral arrangements provide the ideal finishing touch. He particularly soars on "It Isn't Easy," where a pedestrian acoustic stroll gives way to an unhinged jam with a psychotic string section. Avoid the distractions of the all-too-obvious influences, and Happy-Go-Unlucky offers plenty of melancholy bliss. » GLEN SARVADY



Link
www.ropeadope.com
File Under
All that jazz and a bag of chips
R.I.Y.L.
Carl Craig, Metro Area, Flanger

VARIUUS ARTISTS

The Detroit Experiment Ropeadope

The Detroit Experiment is a misnomer—the album is actually a case study. Following up the acclaimed Philadelphia Experiment, the folke at Ropeadope records have again paired a gaugale of musicians with roots in lozat inany of them seasion musicians) and a sonically unrelated remixer, in this case Carl Craig, who shares production duties with Ace Levinson and Karriem Rigains, to see what happens when sounds collide. While nothing can regain the tempered helpits of the records first track, "Think Twice,"

the early 90s boogie that Metro Area channel, there's plenty of hun to be had. "Space Odyssey" tips its hi-hats to the retro-futurism of its title, its planos, agitated trumpets and frustrated drums pushed even further back to the future via chunky vintage keyboard sounds. In so doing, the song realizes the kind of cosmic jazz-anolog fusion that hir ance hinted at. The cover of Stevie Wonder's "Too High" strips every-thing down but the original's raw funk, and features a toasted occal that's as convincing as Stevie himself. That track is one of two on which the instruments don't do all of the singing; the second is the record's concluding track. The Way We Make Music." Seaturing an adequate MC job by invincible. The further genre-breeding is unconvincing, but ultimately unnecessary too—The Detroif Experiment packs in enough truly provocative discord directly-seatured y-seatured y-seatured M. 2004.



www.djmedjyou.com
File Under
"Disco" not disco
R.I.Y.L.
Sukia, Fantastic Plastic
Machine, Arling & Cameron

DT WE DY AOR 🕦

Can You See The Music Fenie Meenie

Hipster Los Angeles duo DJ Me DJ You—Craig Borrell and former child actor Ross Harris—sound like they discovered disco in 1988. They're so enthralled with their thin, programmable dance rhythms on Can You See The Music, their second full-length, that they let them ramble on and on with little in the way of counterpoint. Sometimes this general sense of self-satisfaction works to their advantage, trading tedium for hypnosis. "New You" starts off with a trebly guitar figure that recalls Antillean zoular Congolese soukous but winds

up getting looped into the blistful, high-end stratesphere. And Todalica Aps' programs in some rubbery counter-thythms to reinforce their on-the-one. But most of the rest is kitschy, bottom-deficient sampladelia. Whenever the beat slows down to trip-hop termos, it's timestetching in the very worst sense—435 of "Fembot' seems like an eternity. And anyone who can further attenuate Alexander Robotulk's fuzz-dence classic "Problemes of Amour," on α virtual remake called "Cam You See," probably needs a blood transitusion. As with the new wave of new wavers and the countless electroclashers coming to an art gallery near you, DJ Me DJ to umbrace irony and camp but never earn them as essential forms of communication—yet another reminder that α wink works best when hiding a tear. Secretary sees

mellowdrone

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Link www.roughtraderecords.com/ baxter dury.html File Under Sad and numb and rock 'n' roll RIVI The Flaming Lips, Portishead, John Lennon

RAXTER DURY (F) Len Parrot's Memorial Lift Rough Trade

Despite the fact that Baxter Dury is the son of late British punk hero and Blockhead leader Ian, it would be a mistake to attribute the masterful depth of this record to anyone other than Baxter himself. Sure. familial connections may have helped him make such acquaintances as Portishead's Geoff Barrow and Adrian Utley, Pulp's Richard Hawley and, obviously, the Blockheads' Norman Watt-Roy, all of whom contribute to the disc but musically Bayter unwinds in a swirling world of string-drenched folktronica that his more riled-up dad would likely have looked on just as a nice place to visit. Baxter's chosen mode of

vocal expression is a wistful falsetto, delivering hazy melodies that waver between subtle lullabies and the kind of mournful lament that's so alluring in its sadness, it becomes unlifting. Opener "Reneath The Underdog," with it's sly bassline and effects-drenched backing vocals (courtesy of collaborator Joanne Hussey, who quests on a number of tracks) could actually be a Portishead tune, while lead single "Oscar Brown" is akin to Wayne Coyne fronting the Velvet Underground (from whose "Oh! Sweet Nuthin" the chorus liberally borrows). The highlight. however, is the gloriously understated "Fungus Hedge," a quietly affecting acoustic-folk number that revels in the somber refrain. "I can't feel the pain"—given the welcome numbing effect of Dury's gural anesthetics, that's hardly a surprise, >>>0006 LEVY



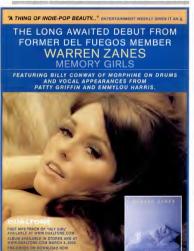
Link www.theexies.com File Under Lo-frills, hi-alt rock crunch RIYI The Verve Pipe, Foo Fighters,

the mid '90s

THE FRIES IN Inertia Virgin

As a thousand mid-'90s alt-rock castoffs will tell you, angst can be a cruel muse in the wrong hands. The right touch of plaintive yearning can top off a churning love song like a cherry on a sundae, but use too much or too little and you come off as either a disingenuous trendmonger or just a real downer. Inertia begins by diving straight into overkill with the overzealous guitar grinding and treated vocals of singer Scott Stevens on "My Goddess" and continues with the Stabbing Westward-esque gnashing of

"Without," A sense of gloom pervades several tracks that would have would have gotten the flannel-clad. backward-ball-cap set rocking circa '94, but sound awfully contrived these days. But elsewhere, Stevens's always misadjusted lyrics ("My empathy still makes me feel alive/ Suffering is always on my mind": "I'm just a special effect to you lately/ Am I nothing that's real to you?") get hit with a refreshing dose of sunshine that makes the songs not only tolerable, but downright refreshing. On standouts like the ambling title track and the slow-building, stringheavy lament of "Creeper Kamikaze," the band's restraint lets the pain in Stevens's words resonate more than a stage full of distortion effects pedals ever could. Therein lies the key to Inertia's scattered successes. When it lets its migral down there's a lot here to like. even if there's not much to love. >>>CHAR SWIATECKI





www.greenhornes.com File Under Rowdy rock 'n' roll revivalists R.I.Y.L. Spencer Davis Group, the Kinks, the Von Bondies

THE GREENHORNES (FI) Dual Mono Telstar

None of the four members of Cincinnati's the Greenhornes were alive when Spencer Davis Group released I'm a Man in 1967. That doesn't stop the fuzz-drenched guitars and worn R&B croon of frontman Craig Fox from feeling completely guthentic. though. While borrowing heavily from the sound of the British Invasion and '60s garage-rock, the Greenhornes manage to emerge with a style of their own on Dual Mono. The songs range from straight-up garage romps ("The Way It's Meant To Be") to slow-burning

R&B anthems ("Too Much Sorrow"). The band nixed the organ that was omnipresent on their previous, selftitled LP, replacing it with occasional, sparse plinks of harpsichord. Producer John Curley keeps the sound raw, pushing the dirty guitar sound to the front of the mix to capture the vital, live energy that defines the Greenhornes raw brand of rock 'n' roll. Lead Headcoatee Holly Golightly contributes her distinct, smoky lead vocals to two tracks, most affectingly on the Nancy Sinatra-esque soul-ballad "There Is An End." It is ultimately Fox's Steve Winwood-meets-Jim Morrison vocal style, however, that carries Dual Mono to the front of the crowded pack of garage-rock revivalists, leaving countless styleover-substance pretenders in the dust. >>>ALEX MAIDUS



Link
www.homunculture.com
File Under
Quirk du solell
R.I.Y.L.
Ben Folds Five, moe., Guster

HOMUNCULUS (I) Words Howling

On old show fliers, Homunculus used to bill themselves as the bestard sons of Frank Zoppa, the Bearles and Tolking Heads. They even lived up to such high-field third clients with their quirky compositions, sharp hooks and energetic delivery. Those basic elements remain today, but evolution has led this Cincinnatti-based foursome more toward the graceful, leating sound of Billy loel, in a Ben Folds-cool kinds way, Words, the group's second stab at a third studio effort (reconfigured and third studio effort (reconfigured and emastered for reveloces) showcases

this range of influences. It revels in stylistic shifts between the band's two distinct TypeA songwriters, playfully bisures Ben Deepke (key-boards) and thoughtfully searching Kevin Shima (guitar). What unites them—the bandmates as well as the songs—is a combination of reliable beats, bouncy baselines and clever lyricians propelled by precise vocal harmonies. At least that explains the coexistence of a surreal opening line like, "Stargazing from the bathoom, naked astronaut" ("Stargazing"), with the more classically poetic, "A white dove flutters, a willow's weeping" ("When Shella Dances"). Furthermore, there's "Deep South Beach." a percussive Latin funk groove that, even for this band, seems to come from out of nowhere. Truly, Homunculus write catchy, smart pops songs. But, as the previously released "Okcy" proves with its unnecessarily rewritten lyrics, sometimes they can be too memorphie for their own node. Sweens kendows.



Link
www.lornahunt.com
File Under
A woman who owns her bedian
R.I.Y.L.
Rickie Lee Jones,
Ani DiFranco, Pathy Larkin

LORNA HUNT

Sentimental Bedlam Hunk

Anyone who writes a song about a character from a Sophoeles pley is asking for a serious listen. Lorna Hunr's tune "Antigone," the first track on Seatimental Bediam, begins with a singsong guitar riff that eventually grows positively menacing; near the end of the tune, when Antigone's suicide triggers a horrible cascade of detth, we can hear the insect-like buzzing of the Fates. The song is brilliant because Hunt thoroughly gets the weight of her source. "Antigone" is a giant clue to the depth of her talent, and the remaining 12 songs on the

record affirm this vibe. There's nothing monochromatic about Hunt's world, either. She offers a genuine love song on 'Shif (Beautikul)." complete with the observation. "I never thought I'd want a man! For the color of his blood." Indeed, romance figures prominently in several of Hunt's tunes. It may manifest itself primarily via a sort of perverse, shadowy lust, as on "Pinpus"—here advanting on Roman mythology for Inspiration—or via a simple, gentle lyric, as with 'Wild Balloon." Hunt's outstanding songwriting is matched by the fine arrangements have devised with producer Dave Willey. Literate songwriting is the singer/songwriter's holy grail, and funt is definitely in the quest. "SPHEP WANTES."

ROBINELLA AND THE CCSTRINGBAND

"The band has been astonishing local night-clubbers for several months...
[Robinella's] soprano voice has a quality to it that stops you in your tracks."

- Knoxville Metro Pulse



The debut EP with an inventive mix of bluegrass, swing, Jazz, gospel and country music from a band voted "Best Bluegrass Group" (3 years in row) in their hometown of Knoxville.

www.columbiarecords.com www.robinella.com

> Produced by Robinella and Cruz Contreras Management Jennifer Stark for Rocko and Me musi





Link
www.llyamusic.com
File Under
Drowsy ballads
R.I.Y.L.
Portishead, Björk, the Black

ILYA Poise Is The Greater Architect IIva

Sometimes the softest touch can please deeper than the hardest pressure. Like a never-cossing drizzle chilling your skin, it's impossible to ignore the unyielding power behind the tender-but-insistent energy of lines of the control of the debut full-length, they lay out soft debut full-length, they lay out soft energy reminiscent of Björk, minus the skittish neuroses and hyper-boildary that have occasionally derailed her recent work. Instead, llya comes quiet and straightforward. A tinking piano meanders gracefully though the back-ground instropoint the notural tenders.

sions found in the progression of low-key guitar hums and occasional trip-hop beats. With hardly a waver in the crystalline vecals of Blanca Rojas, they bring deep-rooted intensity out of the darkness and moody ambience of their downbeat shoegazer pop. Never too loud to be threatening, but just loud enough to make the historia or your arm stand on end (with a few exceptions, notably the prodding electro-buzz of "Salo"a, Rojas sing-speaks her way through the tracks in hushed tones, emoting on the universal mind-benders of "Solitude and self-destruction." Armed only with longing and fragility. Ifly a chips away at the most tender of emotions with an unsettling yet capitvating lightness, digging into the human psyche with subdued anguish...>**MOSSIC GARAIXX**



Link
www.noquarler.net
File Under
Blissful insanity
R.I.Y.L.
Can, Brian Eno, Trans Am, Pink
Floyd at their most complex

LADDIO BOLOCKO

Imagine Brian Eno wandering into a studie with Cam and Dan Cabblero, the lot of them crafting drones and textures, sounds that swirl in circles, stop in one place and then fill the opposite way. Horns that are like whale calls and guitar bleats like stress, beats that are too complex to be human but too graceful to be a machine. Picture all those things knotted into a sonic trapestry that's jarring and mesmerizing at the same time, beautiful and confusing, comforting but somehow unsettling. You'd be approaching what

litespan, but not quite doing it justice. The New York quarter formed in the late '30s and split in 2001, releasing three discs you'd likely have come across only it you saw the band live. Which, anyone who did will attest, was akin to walking in on the Aurora Borcellis captured within the walls of a dive have—beautiful, captivating and wonderfully overwhelming. Laddio never quite got their transcendent live experience onto tepp, but The Life Ad Times Of hints enough. Be thankful that Philadelphia label No Quarter has collected these releases (and as-yet-unreleased short limin "As IB yemoto"), and given this music one lost chance to be heard. Altered states suit it best, but Laddio's music essentially provides its own headtip:... SMOUS SEPTER



Link
www.kimone.com
File Under
Twilight singers
R.I.Y.L.
American Football,
Radiohead, Owls

KIMONE (I) Meres Of Twilight Silverthree

A cursory review of Kimone's Meres Of Twilight revents all the elements necessary to become an emo sensation: fluttering, melodic guitara, dramatic vocals and production by none other than the ublquitous J. Robbins (Burning Alirian) Dismemberment Plan). But while many of Robbins' more notable projects are marked by angular tones and an infectious nervous energy, this Boston fivepiece displays a penchant for calming, melodic excursions that are often stirring but rarely spill over. Although comparisons to Radiobead and Sigur Ros may be overexagarequation.

sound of Kimone is beautiful and delicate, complete with occasional moments of atmospheric textures not unlike the aforementioned imports. 'In The Warmth Of Meanings Redefined' opens the album with a subdued but compelling stop-start rhythm over which singers a most property of the pro



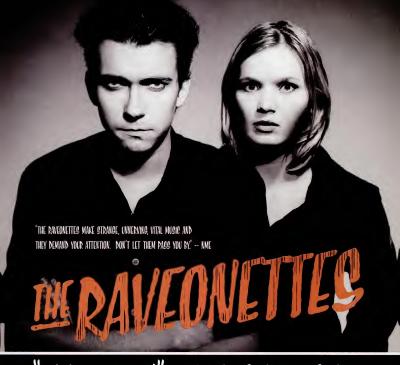
Link
www.bloodshotrecords.com
File Under
Yet another kind of
country music

R.I.Y.L.
Waco Brothers, Neko Case,
Waylon Jennings

JON LANGFORD AND HIS SADIES (F) Mayors Of The Moon Bloodshol

If you could go back before the birth of country-rock-way before Parsons donned his first Nudie suitand imagine the whole cowhov-meets-Elvis thing going in a different direction, then you might have a starting point for describing Mayors Of The Moon by Jon Langford And His Sadies. Langford, who has more than dabbled in the country-western arena with the Mekons dating back to 1985's Fear And Whiskey and, more recently, his punkcountry outfits the Waco Brothers and the Pine Valley Cosmonauts, makes another cozy home for himself with Bloodshot Records labelmates the

Sadies. Lacking the subble itonic distance that permectes most hipminded country acts, these boys unabacshedly rip through 12 songs that could make a whippoorwill smile in little over half an hour. From pedal isteel-drenched toe-tappers to barn-house burners that make you want to reach for a bottle of sour mash, the songs sail with an easy sincerity. Langford's husky yet tender vocals, cloaked in that clouded Welsh accent, hover poignantly over arrangements defity executed by the Sadies, whose instrumental prowess is beyond reproach. From softly strummed countsics to rockabilly likes, there's nothing this band can't tockle. With work as accomplished as this, one can only hope Langford and the Sadies will meet again—until then, Maryza OT The Moon will do nicely, assassa, wactus



"WHIP IT ON" THE DEBUT ALBUM FEATURING Attack of the Ghost Riders

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link www.boblog111.com File Under Log man boogie RIYL CeDell Davis, Junior Kimbrough, T-Model Ford

BOB LOG III

Log Bomb Fat Possum

One has to reserve a certain admiration for anyone who plays bass drum, cymbals and slide guitar all at once, performs in a motorcycle helmet and processes his vocals via telephone mics. Bob Log III is just such a person. if not the only person who fits that description-regardless, the admiration is warranted. On this, his third solo album. Log comes on strong. resembling a latter-day, percussionenhanced, over-amped busker from the 1930s Delta. If anyone ever deserved a permanent street corner locale on Memphis's Beale Street, it's

Log. His music is inspired by Delta blues, his attitude by Black Flag. Log Bomb is a sustained, frantic blast of elemental blues broken into individual tracks for what appears to be the listener's sake, as it only pauses long enough to introduce the band (i.e., his left foot, his right foot). It's surely an acquired taste, but his music is a buzz and his performance art a corrective for all those who suffer stage fright, are dogged by feelings of inadequacy or practice the guitar too much. Bob Log III also boogies like hell. Cue up "F-Hole Parade" or "Waa Your Tail Like A Dog In The Back Of A Truck" and feel the love. >>>PHILIP VAN VIECK

Link www.jessemalin.com File Under Re-Generation R.I.Y.L. Jay Farrar, Ryan Adams,

JESSE MALIN

The Fine Art Of Self Destruction Artemis

Jesse Malin, former D Generation frontman, wanted to get out from under the burden of punk-rock expectations: "We'd try to write these songs, and people would just talk about the hair and the shoes." His latest solo record. The Fine Art Of Self Destruction, will leave D Generation fans wondering what the hell happened and everyone else picking their igws up off the floor. With a little twang, this album, featuring Ryan Adams on guitar and vocals and Melissa Auf der Maur on backing vocals, would've been the best whiskey-soaked, countrified rock 'n' roll

record to come down the dirt road since Uncle Tupelo packed it in. But the only dirt roads in New York are the product of jackhammers. so any twang is supplanted by the city's indigenous grit. The songs are scrappy and immediate, which makes sense since Adams, who also produced, captured many of them in one take. The vocals swing from lazy to urgent, always oozing with the conviction of someone who feels every single moment. Likewise the guitars, which cut through the songs like a rusty knife through tender skin. "Queen Of The Underworld," a ballsier take on the Jayhawks, and "Brooklyn," with its hidden reprise that comes drenched in dirty noise, are particularly impressive. As improbable as it seems, nothing's lacking on Malin's genre-shift of a solo outing. >>> NORM ELROD

DENISONWITMER PHILADELPHIA SONGS



On Philadelphia Songs, Denison Witmer paints a haunting and beautiful picture of memories, people, and places. The album leatures a host of guest musicians and Philadelphians, as well as embers of The Six Parts Seven (Suicide Squeeze Records). Philadelphia Songs, his third full-length, was recorded in iladelphia at home by friend Scott French and at Sound studios by Edan Cohen (Songs: Ohia, Jim & Jenny & the Pinetops).

The instrumentation is rich and deep, adding an ambient feel to Witmer's songs that has not been fully explored until this album From the nostalgic romanticism of "Sets of Keys" to the heartbreaking "24 turned 25" to the MiniDisc hotel piano field recording on "St. Cecilia (Ode to Music)," the words and sounds form a cts Philadelphia from De



Radio, Estar Drang, The Trouble with

Aspera, and Ester Drang

veeney, and Damien Jura One-sided LPs from Yume Bitsu,

Early Day Miners, The Six Parts





Too little, too late R.I.Y.L

The Smiths Flectronic Stone Roses

JOHNNY MARR + THE HEALERS 🗐 Boomslang ARTISTdirect



there was reason to believe that auitarist Johnny Marr would fare at least as well as frontman Morrissey. But it was Morrissey who picked up where the Smiths left off musically, leaving Marr, primary architect of the band's distinct sound, to fade into the background as a alorified session man with the likes of the Pretenders and Bryan Ferry, Indeed, until now, Marr's highest profile post-Smiths gig was Electronic, a rather bland collaboration with New Order's Bernard Sumner, So Boomslana, Marr's first full-length as a full-fledged

bandleader/frontman, is almost 15 years overdue: It even embraces the guitar-driven psychedelic pop that dominated Manchester circa 1989, when Stone Roses emerged to inherit the Smiths' legacy as England's most important band. Backed by Ringo's son Zak Starky on drums and Kula Shaker bassist Alonso Beavan, Marr puts his guitar front and center in some of the more straightforward rock tunes he's written since the Smiths. The trippy groove of a tune like "You Are The Magic" is ideal for Marr to work his own brand of studio magic, layering acoustic and electric guitars of various textures. But, as good as it is to hear Marr's guitar again, Morrissey is sorely missed, as Boomslang's vocals are woefully generic, with little substance to grab hold of in the lyrics. >>> MATT ASHARE

OUNT ERIE

www.krecs.com/microphones
File Under

Hi-fi in-fi

R.I.Y.L.

Neutral Milk Hotel, In A Priest

Driven Ambulance-era Flaming
Lins Mirah

Lips Mirah minutes of "The Sun" are indebted to the clang-and-jangle of early-'90s Olympia, but somehow channels the production-hermit noisehuckery of industrial wonks like Nurse With Wound. Tribal ultra-distorted drums float about like a native, artiteback, poss-Beat Happening version of Cabart Woltidra-and then Elvrum turns super-tender, stripped-down and out-of-tune, accompanied by mysterious noises. Like Bright Eyes with a no-fi budget, Elvrum sets his sights high and his concepts higher. As quick to create quiet as storm, "Solar System" is a gentle acousti-fuzz bolled guided by disembodied voices and "Universe" (um, the first one), is its tripped-out buddy armed with drum freakouts. Elvrums britch texes are biages than his buddes. It us to be errant hells lindle

and the inscrutable fuzz drips from the title track, you know that he

wouldn't have it any other way. >>> CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN

THE MICROPHONES

Lo-fi psychedelic psychotic Phil Elvrum ("known" for work with K Records romshackle-tock bands like D+ and Old Time Relijum) loves the organic noises of the subconscious, from tope hiss to heartbeat. His fifthor-so record as the Microphones (a fivepart epic so grand that two of the songs are named "Universe") revels in these sounds, burying loping indie-tock chants under grooming bargain-basement sprawl. There may be some songs in there too, if you're patient rought to seek them out. The first 10



Link
www.vanguardrecords.com/
ramsaymidwood
File Under
Choice Americana

Choice Americana
(via Deutschiand)
R.I.Y.L.
Tom Waits, Jim White,
Lonesome Bob

RAMSAY MIDWOOD

Shoot Out At The OK Chinese Restaurant

It's a fortunate thing for Stateside music fans that Yanguard picked up Shoot At The OK Chinese Restaurant, first released by the German Iabel Gilterhouse in 2000, because Ramsary Midwood is a significant talent. He's written a batch of rugged tunes for Shoot Out-material that passesses a natural twang that we've come to identify as elemental to the Americana sound. Songs such as "Monster Truck" and the lone traditional piece "Dreary Lile" shore a populist sensibility with Depression-era folk music, though most of the tunes on the album come across

at a more personal level. "Feed My

Monkey. "Eather' and "Waynesboor' all have an intimate, even biter, quality to them, driven home by the tenuous backwoods tree better, duality to them, driven home by the tenuous backwoods tree better hand, seem to be cascying the daydreams of the semi-deranged recheck mind. One of the most rewarding espects of Shoot Out is Midwood's songwriting. He's a storyteller with a keen sense of character. He can create a voice as choleric as what we hear in "Waynesboro," and then track a tune that's just plain tunny—"Spinnin' On This Rock"—or unpologetically sentimental, as with "Eather." Though late in coming to these shores, Midwood's is one of the most distinctive Americana CDs of the years." "SPHEF WAYNERS





Link www.iasonmorphew.com File Under World-weary wiseass R.I.Y.L. They Might Be Giants. Ben Folds, Ben Lee

JASON MORPHEW

The Duke Of Arkansas Ba Da Bino!

This record's title notwithstanding. duke might not be the best title in the kingdom of modern tormented singersongwriters to bestow upon lason Morphew. Not that he's unworthy of sitting with the kings (Byan Adams. Elliott Smith) or princes (Bens Folds and Kweller) but it's just that Morphew's crown won't sit quite right gtop that jester's hat he won't take off. Adent at whatever he tries. Marphew gets distracted by the musical possibilities before him-think of a child running amok at a post-Holiday toy sale-and lets his muse skip from

fuzzy rockers to twang to "Psychedelia," as one track thoughtfully titles itself. But things never seem insincere, and humor, both overt and subtle, plays a key role in tying the genre shuffling together. Some explorations work better than others—while a handful are too quirky to let his exuberance shine through. Morphew rivals Adams or Robbie Fulks for alt-country breeziness. Even when he sounds sullen and sings "Once I loved a girl and her parents thought I was a hippie/ I wore motorcycle boots and I played in a punk rock band" on "The Living End," there's a confidence that suggests that Morphew belongs in the royal court, >>> CHAD SWIATECK!



www.warprecords.com/ morverncallar File Under What to listen to in West Scotland when you're dead R.I.Y.L Krautrock, ambient.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Morvern Callar Soundtrack Warn

Alan Warner is there with Irvine Welsh in the pantheon of young Scottish writers. As with Welsh's Trainspotting. music is a vital part of both the book and film of Morvern Callar, though his setting of the Port on the county's West coast is much bleaker in every way than Welsh's grittily alam Edinburgh. The music here comes in the form of a tape left by the title character's dead boyfriend (who also manages to leave her a substantial sum of money and a manuscript). Putting it on an album. divorced from visuals and text, though, is much chancier-can it work alone? For the most part, the answer's ves.

a challenge Moods are built up, shattered and changed. After tracks by Can, Aphex Twin, Stereolab and Boards of Canada establish a feel, the Velvet Underground's "I'm Sticking With You" appears like a demented children's ditty: later, "Some Velvet Morning," the Lee Hazlewood and Nancy Singtra duet, almost aches with longing coming after a bit of Lee "Scratch" Perry aural madness. The only misstep is the inclusion of Ween's "Japanese Cowboy"—it's played too straight for a tale that lives close to the edge. Even then, a return to ambience with former Can bassist Holger Czukay and more Aphex Twin manages to more or less correct the balance. Sometimes curiously beautiful, sometimes unnerving, this soundtrack captures the off-center line of the story. And that's a rare thing. >>> CHRIS NICKSON



Link www.nadasurf.com File Under 90s one-hit wonder gets Lennonesque R.I.Y.L Old 97's, Jawbox, Weezer

NABA SURF

Let Go Barsuk

As far as grunge-era unintentional novelty smashes ao. I'll take Nada Suri's "Popular" over "Lump," "New Age Girl" or "Cumbersome" 365 days in a row, and once more on leap year, "Popular" progenitor High/Low and this latest. third LP from Nada Surf, are both exercises in right-angle power pop, yet have as much fraternal kinship as Bill and Roger Clinton. Weezer-enabling High/Low producer Ric Ocasek is in the rearview, and with him the Kurt-coined clean channel/fuzzbox dynamic that once dominated the Surf. Drum-free opener "Blizzard Of 77" (excellent title, especially to we survivors of Buffalo,

N.Y.) shimmers with grand acoustic presence. Bassist Daniel Lorca has conceded much of the vocal onus to guitarist Matthew Caws. and shines in the background. The revised attack falls somewhere in the coy-boy gamut between Death Cab For Cutie and, um, Gin Blossoms. And that's fine. "Hi-Speed Soul," "Fruit Fly" and "Happy Kid" accelerate admirably, the latter with a boisterous suckerpunch of a chorus that automatically trumps the band's back catalog. Caws's self-assessment is dead-on: "I'm just a happy kid stuck with the heart of a sad punk." This phase of Nada Surf isn't a Level One. Beck/Radiohead phenomenon (i.e. unforeseen, incredible transcendence of zeitgeist-capturing alt-rock), but definitely a work in laudable progress. >>>ANOREW BONAZELLI



www.notwist.com File Under Tech that knows no boundaries R.I.Y.L. Oval, Lali Puna, Beile & Sebastian, Console

THE NOTWIST

Neon Golden Domina

The American release of Neon Golden provides a sonic example of the difference two years can make. When Germany's the Notwist originally issued it overseas during the first half of 2001, listeners and critics filed it most easily under IDM, thanks to producer Martin Gretschmann's (Console) asymmetric beats and love of all things glitchy. The electronics propelling the pop heart of the band suggested a hybrid that New Order could approach, if only they weren't so old-fashioned. Then came a return of the dance, as electronic music was

saturated with electroclash-which suggested that being oldfashioned was just fine-and microhouse. Now Neon Golden can truly be seen as the anomaly that it is: a rock and electronic hybrid that looks forward instead of back. The album's occasional clash of straightforward disco and rock is best heard in the gem "Pilot." which takes off like its titular character and sails on a sublime melody sung by Markus Acher. Acher's feyness immediately recalls Belle & Sebastian's Stuart Murdoch, and indeed, the Notwist's songwriting is as good as that Scottish band's early work. Acher's vocals add to an album that's so warm, it's beckoning to be embraced. Taken out of the context they never really asked to be in anyway, the Notwist only sound better, >>>RICHARD M. JUZWIAK



Link
www.opeth.com
File Under
Progressive black metal
R.I.Y.L.
Emperor, Tool, Amorphis,
Dark Tranquillity

OPETH Deliverance Kech Atmospheric, brooding, wintery in

tone: Opeth's sixth album may eclipse its predecessor, the highly acclaimed Blackwater Park, for sheer musical breadth. Most of Dehiverance hews to operatic black metal's souring symphonic progressions and flighty blasheat drumming, with some death metal Cookie Monster vocale growling beneath. But at critical points. Opeth's epic. 10-plus-minute songs snowdrift into airy Floyd-esque ambience, accoustic European folkisms and jazzy-prog time shifts (the latter a tendency that has served Tool quite well). And that has served Tool quite well. And

it's during these fluid structural shifts that Mikcel Åkerfeldt's vocal gifts open up. Not simply a machine-stamped growler, Åkerfeldt uses a voice that's an airier cousin to Layne Staley's more pastoral moments to great effect. It adds leagues of depth to music that otherwise grows weary of its own chugging heaviness, or by turns, its lengthy, prog-rock soloing and tempo wizardry. Deliverance is adre without devolving to cartonish black magic, heavy without overwhill, introspective without self-conscious navel-gazing. Opeth are truly mosterful instrumentalists, with a delt ear for composition and dynamics ranging from Alpine heights to mosshpit-level mayhem. Deliverance delivers precisely what its title promises, and it's best absorbed as a whole. Font to book. SAMMENERHENDY



Link
www.polyvinylrecords.com
File Under
Solitary refinement
R.I.YL.
American Football, Dashboard
Confessional, Owls



No Good For No One Now Polyvinyl

On "Everyone Feels Like You," Mike kinsella sings, "In time you'll tind that needing things' Only kills you slowly." So to escape a slow death, he used his entire recording budget to build his own home studio, turning Owen into a "solo" project in a very literal sense: Not only did Kinsella (sex-American Football) play every instrument and sing every note on Owen's second album, No Good For No One Now, he also wrote, produced, recorded and mixed each track single-handedly. The resulting album is a deeply personal and powerful collection of

hushed accoustic works that reflects the solitude in which it was created. In a particularly start and bitter moment on "The Ghost Of What Should've Been," he sings, "What else in this tucking empty room Reminds me of tacking you." But his time alone also gave way to some very thoughtful arrangements. On top of his amply rich acoustic guitar and dynamic percussion, he layers tastelial electric leads over twinkling pinnos and droning organs that only serve to make the experience warmer. Unlike brother Tim, who has made a career out of musical minducks with bands like Joan Of Arc, Mike is unaffraid to incorporate elements of traditional structure and tone to his advantage. "Everyone Feels Like You" at first recalls a bit of the Allman Brothers before morphing into American Football, unpudged. "Systems Wessens"





Link www.kingsotconvenience.com File Under Sophisticated is the new loud R.I.Y.L. Frazier Chorus, Röyskopp, Pretab Sprout, the Blue Nile

FRIEND MYE

Unrest Source/Astralwerks

To be frank, the twee, archly low-key musical stylings of critically lauded Norwegian, um, nü-folk duo Kings Of Convenience were fine if you're one of those Belle & Sebastian types. On the other hand, did anyone need a new Simon & Garfunkel? (Answer, not really.) Which is precisely what makes this solo record by half of KoC, Erlend Øye, such a staggering surprise. In a remarkable esthetic leap, Øye is now suddenly a purveyor of elegant electro: perhaps the most amusing thing about it is that critics may now be forced to like the sort of music previously asso-

ciated with such critical pariah as the Beloved and Frazier Chorus. In fact, tracks like "Ghost Train" and "Symptom Of Disease" are dead ringers for the latter, perfect examples of the sort of fey, cosmopolitan Europop that Americans are violently averse to. Occasionally, Øye flirts with a groove—as in the gently mechanized, Gary Numan-ish "Sheltered Life," recorded with nouveau synthpoppers Soviet, and the mildly house-y cut "The Talk." The final track, "Like Gold," with its herky-jerky blip-and-bleep construction (and featuring Teutonic avant-gardist Schneider TM), is the only moment where Øye throws off the pop purism shackles. Throughout, he sings with a graceful and cultivated aplomb, which suits the music perfectly. It's Prefab Sprout with synthesizers, basically. And that's a good thing, >>>KEN SCRUDATO



www.primaiscream.net File Under Appetite for deconstruction R.I.Y.L. Spiritualized. My Bloody Valentine. the Jesus & Mary Chain

PRIMAL SCREAM

Evil Heat Fold

In Primal Scream's nearly 20-year career, the ever-changing Glasgow outfit has done its best, within the loose bounds of the super-trendy British underground, to be all things to all people. From the primal lesus And Mary Chain psychedelia of singer Bobby Gillespie's first incamation of the band, to the Manchester house beats of the early '90s or their Stones-v mid-'90s, Primal Scream haswww, for better and worse, always worn its influences on its sleeve. Utterly unpredictably, the sonically expansive Evil Heat is a menacinaly beautiful patch-

work of organic and synthetic textures held together by the golden thread of good taste. Gillespie and an eclectic cast (including My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields) coalesce around the group's most elaborate, challenging and adventurous collection of tunes vet. Taking from as far and wide as the druggy drones of Spiritualized, the glitchy electronic deconstructions of Kid A, the motorik pulse of Kraftwerk and the glammed-up raw power of Ziggy-era Bowie, not to mention the red-lining white noise of the "Sister Ray" VU, Evil Heat is a veritable tour of three decades of transgressive rock. As a bonus, it's also a tantalizing hint of what My Bloody Valentine might have become if Shields hadn't lost track of himself, and his band, in the confines of his customized studio. >>>MATT ASHARE



www.loureed.com File Under Self-parody John Cale, Laurie Anderson. experimental theatre

LOW REFO

The Raven Sire/Reprise

Lou Reed's role as rock's reigning street poet has led him astray as often as it's inspired triumphs of musical freeverse like the intricate "Street Hassle." But ever since he was elevated to a PBS "American Master" in 1998, a dicey high-art project like The Raven seemed inevitable. An indulgent two-disc soundtrack to an experimental theater piece based on the work of Edgar Allan Poe, The Raven offers a mix of atmospheric spoken-word performances based on Poe's better-known writings by usual suspects like Steve Buscemi and Willem Dafoe, and more rock-ori-

ented showtunes, including a reworking of the bitterly sarcastic "Perfect Day" from Transformer and the touchingly morose "The Bed" from Berlin. The high, or low, point is the stiffly overblown rocker "Edgar Allan Poe"-it would be a great Reed parody if only he didn't sound so deadly serious. Of course, half the fun of being a Reed fan is the suspense of knowing that he's always on the verge of laying a big, fat egg, like '79's The Bells. Even his best work (say, '89's New York) balances precariously on the thin line separating pretentious self-parody from literate rock 'n' roll. The Rayen appears to cross that line with a passion and intensity that, at least, is admirable in its own right, >>>MATT ASHARE



www.thrilijockey.com File Under Post-rock perennials

R.I.Y.L Tortoise, Stereolab. the Aluminum Group

THE SEA & CAKE

One Bedroom Thrill Jockey

Dip into the Sea & Cake's sixth album randomly, and you might wonder if these reliable purveyors of Chicagostyle cool have gone all 'new new wave' on us. "Interiors" and "Left Side Clouded" pair uptempo pulses with loose, unexpectedly noisy guitars, while the title track's synth settings are as '80s-centric as they come. The closer, a succinct, danceable cover of Bowie's "Sound & Vision," completes the evocation of avant-gardes past. These moments have more bite than usual, but elsewhere, the band deliver the

combination of elements we've come to expect: Archer Prewitt's warmly ringing guitar figures, Sam Prekop's jazzier approach and drummer John McEntire's meticulously digitized production style. (Bassist Eric Claridge glues the pieces together ably, and thanklessly.) "Four Corners" is the perfect opener, building a rich, polyrhythmic texture for a full three minutes before Prekop's relaxed vocals float in without fanfare. (As always, his mystifying lyrics are just another sonic element.) As on 2000's Oui, there's a slight but detectable retreat from the full immersion in electronica that characterized some earlier work; a few passages sound more like a band in a room than waveforms on a monitor. Certain tracks ("Try Nothing") waft by pleasantly without leaving much impression, but overall, One Bedroom finds The Sea & Cake gently but firmly updating their sound while ultimately remaining themselves. >>> FRANKUN BRUNO



Link
www.thesharpthings.com
File Under
Unabashedly melodramatic
chamber pop
R.I.Y.L.
The Beautiful South, Burl

Bacharach, Matt Pond PA,

the Divine Comedy

pulses hypnotically, gradually accruing layers of vibes, strings and

keyboards, and "Missing The Daze" mixes lush backing choruses,

horns, violins and jaunty piano. There's an occasional air of self-

importance here, but the other half of the disc's considerable plea-

sures comes from the barbs that puncture the inflated drama. "Oh, you

little bitch/ You could have anyone you want/ But you preferred to tor-

ture me," Serpa croons in "Lies About You And I," rubbing salt into his

wounded ego. Desperation reaches its pinnacle in the stately

"Lonesome For The Man": "Stole the pills inside your bathroom case/

And left your house without a trace," Serpa sings with suicidal sincer-

THE SHARP THINGS (F) Here Comes The Sharp Things Dive With well over 10 members, string quin-

with well over 10 members, string quintet included. New York's the Sharp Things don't lock for texture and chamber-pop grandeur, and half the pleasure of Here Come The Sharp Things comes from sheer over-the-top melodrama. Singer-songwiter Perry Serpa emotes through the album's 11 songs with one eye on '50s whitebread pop-think the Association—and the other on the poetic histionics of the Divine Comedy, It works. On '1 Will Always Be Swimming In This Sea," Serpa scors through the chorus and then edees the spotlight to a glorious orchestral string break. 'I'l Took Forever To Get Home Tonisht'

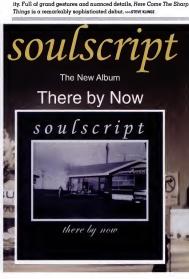


www.virgilshaw.com
File Under
Music from the
medium-sized pink
R.I.Y.L.
Jeb Loy Nichols, the Band,

VIRGIL SHAW

Still Falling Future Farmer It makes no difference where Virgil Shaw may lay his head at night, his music does the traveling for him. The ex-Dieselhed vocalist traverses time and geographical plane on his second release, Still Falling, mixing Dixieland piano and horns with tunes that sound like they might be tumbling out of a saloon with horses hitched out front. Shaw's ability to channel sounds of distant places and times is similar to the Band, a group he shares a kinship with not least because his dusty vocals are a disconcerting but comfortable amalgam of three-fourths (you decide)

of the group's singers. In a departure





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Link www.anticon.com File Under Sole-baring diatribes R.I.Y.L.

Buck 65. Themselves. Atmosphere SALE IN Selling Live Water Anticon

Of course all the money-shots from countless Anticon releases are present on Sole's Selling Live Water; polysyllabic barrages of non-sequiture, selfaware/self-effacing sensitivity, crusty reverberated beats that echo Tortoise. Labradford and Portishead, all crafted by usual suspects Alias. Iel and Odd Nosdam. But Sole's second sonic therapy session, Selling Live Water, has too many issues to work out to be buried in distorted beatwork and ambient wankery. A former battle MC (battles

probably not won with lines like "All the king's dead money recycled themes themselves to sleep under fantastic clocks that go cold in the night/ Warm bodies huddle, cold bodies landfill under fancy restaurants"), Sole exorcizes his demons and picks at his neuroses in a digestible flow closer to the efficient rapping of Minneapolis pal Atmosphere than the art-damaged streams of Anticon cohort Dose One. Doing the dozens with his soul. Sole eschews all the Another Green World tedium and 20-minute-long movie dialogue experiments of typical Anticon-labeled recordsindulging in 55 solid minutes of actual rapping (albeit rapping that has the rhyme scheme of a traffic lam), referencing Watership Down. waxing Chomsky-esque about post-911 paranoia, chomping some mushrooms-and drowning the whole mess in the tangle of fraved nerves in his head. Clearing the debris from the Anticon mold, the listener gets an open window into a rapper's Sole, »» CHRISTOPHER R. WEINGARTEN



Link www.tobinsprout.com File Under Unassuming pop craftsmen RIYL

Guided By Voices, the Soft Boys, Folk Implosion, Bevis Frond

TARIN SPRONT

Lost Planets & Phantom Voices Recordhead/Winwam

Tobin Sprout remains best known as the secondary songwriter good for two or three gems per album during Guided By Voices' mid-'90s hevday. His compositions are smoother and less anthemic than Robert Pollard's, typically blending sweet melancholy with a whiff of '60s pon psychedelia. Sprout's solo output strays little from this course-several of Lost Planets & Phantom Voices' tracks could stand alongside his stellar GRV toils. though the mid-tempo parade can

become repetitive without the vin/vana of Pollard's tunes. Sprout called his last full-length Demos & Outtakes, and little on this outing betrays loftier aspirations. Most of the disc's 13 tracks are overdubbed one-man affairs from Sprout's upstate Michigan home studio, a rudimentary drum machine reinforcing a lo-fi vibe. This sketchbook approach yields a handful of highlights-"Courage The Tack" sports a chorus so hummable it's easy to overlook that, in typical GBV fashion, the song itself is undercooked. The dynamics of Lost Planets expand noticeably when Sprout interacts with sidemen (old Dayton cohorts and members of his recent troupe Eyesinweasel both drop in), creating standouts like the cryptic, entrancing "Doctor #8." Having shifted much of his focus to painting. Sprout seems to be approaching music increasingly as a hobby, a tack that suits this comfortable, low-key effort. Lost Planets is unlikely to attract many new Tobin Sprout fans, but it offers plenty to devotees, >>>GLEN SANVADY

AND LIVES IN OUR TOWN



www.timesbeachrecords.com



www.varistor.org File Under Angst in your pents R.I.Y.L

Superchunk, Swearing At Motorists, Archers Of Loaf

VARISTOR (F) 07.28.02 Hey Frankie

Before Seattle bands and their followers redefined angst with burly, melodramatic singers mouning in low. dejected tones, there were singers like Paul Westerberg, who expressed the same by reaching for higher notes simply unavailable to them. That desperate cry gave the music an urgency beyond words, and it's the register that Varistor singer Patrick Walsh works in. assigning defeat with a futile stretch of his always parched larvnx. Couple that with this NYC duo's skeletal yet effective instrumental backing and "complaint rock," as Alicia Silverstone-

dubbed it in Clueless, is back in full force. Varistor's debut album does wear a bit over the 45 minutes—the band could use some extra texture—but they do what they can to keep it interesting, Walsh adding a low bass string to his guitar to flesh out the sound. What perks up these 8-track recordings, however, is the complicated relationship between quitar and drums. Walsh settles into elliptical patterns ("Fade Out") or soft jangle ("Brand New") to give the songs space. Then the sparks fly once the guitar forgets chords and riffhunts into a tangle with Dan Darragh's unpredictable polyrhythmic outbursts. The fight for turf and musical telepathy between players ("Nothing," "Going Home") adds the needed extra dimension to these simply constructed songs. Things could get serious if they move up to a trio, and deadly as a quartet, >>>ROB O'CONNOR





Link
www.officialramones.com
File Under
Hey ho... Lord, nol
R.I.Y.L.
Anybody but the Ramones

VARIOUS ARTISTS

We're A Happy Family: A Tribute To The Ramones DV8/Columbia

How do you fuck up a Ramones song? They all have, like, three chords, were composed by dudes with barely rudimentary knowledge of their instruents and should be over before anyone can notice any mistakes. Unfortunately, 14 major-label (or once-major-label) artists (and Rancid) are more than up to the challenge. Actually 13, since Tom Waits injects "Return Of Jackie And Judy" with some liquor-socked Howlin Woll-via-junkyard-apocalyptica sturm und drang, which is pretty dope—but



Link
www.raptivism.com
File Under
Creative West Coast street hop
R.I.Y.L.
Jurassic 5, Outkast, Pharcyde

ZION I

DeepWaterSlang V2.0 Live Up/Raptivism

Zion I was set to drop this sophomore album about a year ago not he Nu Gruv Alliance label, which subsequently lost its groove. So the Cokland-bosed duo of producer Amp Live and MC Zion signed on with Reptivism Records, and added new songs ("Finger Paint" and "One More Thing"), live instruments and soulhal vocals from Martin Luther and Goapele. As much as their new label is billing Zion I as a "group of the tuture" because of their incorporation of sitars, drum in bass thythms and rock guitars, the duo also aims for the

sort of playful party track popularised by Pharcyde back in '22 to make a comeback. DeepWaterSlang entertains with its catchy choruses ("Tha Drill" and "Le Le Le") and Enya-meets-Jill-Scott crooning ("Flow" and "Boom Bip"). as well as topics that go deep 'Gorry" and 'Warrior's Dance" with Pep Lowe). On 'Cheeba Cheeba, 'featuring Aceyalone, Zion flexes his political wit: 'Who shot Malcolm and put talcum on my text And put the ghetto you under vext Sentence and with vengeance' Street-like presence/ Want to be kings because we live like peasants. "With DeepWaterSlang, Zion I proves second chances are a blessing—and sometimes, having to work extra hard for something makes it that much better...» JESSLA KARUN



Link
www.whymakeclocks.com
File Under
Another country altogether
R.I.Y.L.
Palace, Bright Eyes, the
Mountain Goats. Michael Stice

WHY MAKE CLOCKS

Fifteen Feet And Twenty Degrees Rubric

When the downbeat drums and lonely guitar twang come in as a forbearer for the opening lyric. 'Starting off with a slowdance' The room sways with rented lights.' those cynics listening to the debut record from Why Make Clocks may instinctively open their rock-cliche bible to the alt-country section (...and Uncle Tupelo begat Wilco who begat...) and start flinging around unnecessary Palace references. Granted, the thoughtful vocals of Dan Hutcheson may evoke visions of Will Oldham cooing with an early Michael Stipe, but it's the crisp energy of the music that

makes WMC stand out from the pigeonholing. Rotating smoothly between mid-tempo pop songs and allower tracks brimming with a mellow facrefulness. WMC breathes life into the compositions by cocentuating their arrangements. Through the tutelage of wonder-producer AJ. Mogis (Lullady For The Working Class, Bright Eyes), they continuously evoke a subily building passion. "Spollight: for example, spirited in a slowly controlled fashlon for more than 10 minutes, using emotive guitar bursts as a cover for the intricate piano drogram work pushing the tune just above the surface. This musicality sets WMC apart by constantly pushing forward with powerfully flowing melodies that emphasise their moody lyrics. Combined, you have tunes in a class with new breed of outstanding all-countriers, even if they're of different school, >sossett confact.



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6 BJÖRK Björk's Greatest Hits Elektra	31 GEORGE HARRISON Brainwashed Capitol
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9 JOHNNY CASH American W The Man Comes Around Lost Highway/American	34 LEMON JELLY Lost Horizons Beggars Group
10 JETS TO BRAZIL Perfecting Loneliness Mordam/Jade Tree	35 AUOIOSLAVE Audioslave Interscope/Epic
11 HOT HOT HEAT Make Up The Breakdown Sub Pop	36 MC PAUL BARMAN Paullelujah! Coup d'Etat
12 PRETENDERS Loose Screw Artemis	37 ADAM GREEN Garfield Rough Trade
13 SIMIAN We Are Your Friends Astralwerks	38 DDT ALLISON We Are Science Mentra
14 ADD N TD (X) Loud Like Nature Muta	39 DREOG El Cielo Interscopa
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53	SAINT ETIENNE Finisterre Beggars Group
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58	COLDPLAY A Rush Of Blood To The Head Capitol
_	BLEU RedHead Aware
60	HELMS McCarthy Kimchee Records
	H20 All We Want EP MCA
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3YEARS AGO

BECK Midnite Vultures (Geffen/Interscope) PRIMUS Antipop (Interscope) HANOSOME BOY MODELING SCHOOL So ... How's Your Girl? (Tommy Boy) LUNA The Days Of Our Nights (Jericho/Sire) ANI DIFRANCO To The ... (Righteous Babe)

10 YEARS AGO

MUDHONEY Piece Of Cake (Reprise) KING MISSLE Happy 14 _ (Atlantic) SOUL ASYLUM Grave Dancers Union (Columbia) NED'S ATOMIC DUSTBIN Are You Normal? (Chaos) SUNDAYS Blind (DGC)

HIP-HOP TOP 10

1 JURASSIC 5

Power in Numbers Interscope

I Phantom Oefinitive Jux

3 LARGE PROFESSOR

1st Class Matador

Riot By Candlelight Under The Needle

5 MC PAUL BARMAN Paullelujah! Coup d'Etat

6 OLOOMINION One Under The Needle

7 JAY-Z The Blueprint 2.. Roc-A-Felle/Def Jam

8 OJ VAOIM USSR: The Art Of Listening Ninja Tune

9 VARIOUS ARTISTS Urban Renewal Program Chocolate Industries

10 THE ROOTS Phrenology MCA



1 OPETH
Deliverance Music For Nations/Koch

2 NAPALM DEATH Order Of The Leech Spitfire

3 LACUNA COIL Comalies Century Media

4 SHAOOWS FALL The Art Of Balance Century Media

The Art Of Balance Century Media

5 THE HOPE CONSPIRACY

Endnote Equal Vision

Resurrection Through Carnage Century Media

7 TAPROOT Welcome Velvet Hammer/Atlantic

8 IMMOLATION Unholy Cult Olympic/Century Media

9 PROJECT 86 Truthless Heroes Atlantic

10 OEMON HUNTER
Demon Hunter Solid State



#1 RETAIL
PAC
BETTER DAYZ INTERSCOPE



#1 LOUD ROCK
OPETH
OELIVERANCE MUSIC FOR NATIONS/KOCH



DIANA KRALL LIVE IN PARIS VERVE

RPM TOP 10

1 MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO BUOK7 Arun

2 FC KAHUNA Machine Says Yes Nettwerk

3 RONI SIZE Touching Down Full Cycle

4 SQUAREPUSHER
Do You Know Squarepusher Warp

5 JOHN BELTRAN Sun Gypsy Ubiquity

6 THIEVERY CORPORATION
The Richest Eighteenth Street Lounge

7 THE STREETS
Original Pirate Material Vice/Atlantic

8 DJ TOUCHE Journeys By DJ: Ultraviolet Journeys By OJ

9 RÖYKSOPP Melody A M. Astralwerks

10 AMON TOBIN Out From Out Where Ninja Tune

JAZZ TOP 10

1 OIANA KRALL Live in Paris Verve

2 JOHN COLTRANE A Love Supreme Verve

3 CHARLES LLOYO Lift Every Voice ECM

4 BEN ALLISON Peace Pipe Palmetto

5 ORRIN EVANS Meant To Shine Palmetto

6 EITHER/DRCHESTRA Afro-Cubism Accurate

7 MAT MANERI QUARTET Sustain Thirsty Ear

8 OAVID S. WARE QUARTET Freedom Suite AUM Fidelity

9 BRAD MEHLDAU Largo Warner Bros.

10 PATRICIA BARBER Verse Capitol/Blue Note

RETAIL TOP 25

1 2PAC

Better Dayz Interscope

2 SYSTEM OF A OOWN Steal This Album American/Columbia

3 THE ROOTS Phrenology MCA

4 SDUNDTRACK 8 Mile Shady/Aftermath/Interscope

5 AUOIOSLAVE Audioslave Interscope/Epic

6 BOB OYLAN Live 1975; Bootleg Series Vol. 5 Legacy

7 PAUL MCCARTNEY Back In The U.S. Capitol-EMI

8 SNOOP OOGG Paid The Cost To Be The Boss Priority

9 JENNIFER LOPEZ This is Me... Then Epic

10 NORAH JONES Come Away With Me Blue Note

11 JAY-Z
The Bluesnet 2 The Gift And The Curse Rec-A-fella/Oet Jam

12 MISSY "MISOEMEANOR" ELLIOTT Under Construction Elektra

13 SUM 41
Does This Look Infected? Island

14 U2 The Best Of 1990-2000 Interscope

15 EMINEM
The Eminem Show Shady/Aftermath/Interscope

16 JA RULE

The Last Temptation Murder Inc./Def Jam

17 SANTANA
Shaman Arista

18 TALIB KWELI Quality Rawkus

19 BABY Birdman Universal

20 DRU HILL Dru World Order Oef Soul

21 OAVID GRAY A New Day At Midnight ATO/RCA

22 PEARL JAM Riot Act Epic

23 GEORGE HARRISON Brainwashed Capitol

24 MATCHBOX TWENTY More Than You Think You Are Atlantic

25 NIRVANA Nirvana Geffen

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DECEMBER 3

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DECEMBER 10

ANTISEEN Honour Among Thieves TKO BOOKS ON TAPE Throw Down Your Laptops Death Romb Arc GARY NUMAN I, Assassin Beggars Group GARY NUMAN Warnors Beggars Group SOUNDTRACK Catch Me If You Can Drea SOUNOTRACK La Boheme: Broadway Cast Recording DosamWorks STEREOLAB Switched On Too Pure SWIZZ SEATZ Swizz Beatz Presents G.H.E.T.T.O. VARIOUS ARTISTS Sweet Love Volume 6 VP

VARIOUS ARTISTS Share Warez Galactic Dust

DECEMBER 17

THE SLOOD GROUP Volunteers Le Grand Magistery CHAINSAW No Since 1991 Six Weeks CIGARSOX PLANETARIUM Cigarbox Planetarium Oh Topitol JAGA JAZZIST Animal Chin GSE LITTLE JEANS Little Jeans Asian Man PHENOMENOLOGICAL BOYS Phenomenological Boys Tomish RIFFS Underground Kicks TKO STITCHES 12 Imaginary Inches TKO
OENISON WITMER Philadelphia Songs Burnt Toast Viny

DECEMBER 24

VARIOUS ARTISTS We're A Happy Family: A Tribute To The Ramones DV8-Columb

JANUARY 7

MUSIC LOVERS Cheap Songs Tell The Truth EP Marriage PAS/CAL The Handbag Memoirs EP Le Grand Magistery
ROSS BEACH You Make It Look So Easy A

JANUARY 14

APPAI ACHIAN GEATH BIDE Hobo's Continue SELLRAYS Raw Collection Uppercus DJ ME DJ YOU Can You See The Music? Eenie KATHLEEN EOWAROS Failer Zoë-Rounder

FREED UNIT Straightjackel Ecstatio GEORGE GERSHWIN The Essential George Gershwin Columbia-Legacy JANIS JOPLIN The Essential Janis Joplin RATOS DE PORAO Onisciente Coletivo Alternative GARY WILSON Forcetten Lovers Motel Records VARIOUS ARTISTS Mob Action: Bay Area Anarchist Book Fair Alternative Tentacles VARIOUS ARTISTS 2003 Rock-Metal-Technology Industrial-Hiphop Sampler Compilation Dutch Underground VARIOUS ARTISTS We're A Happy Family: A Tribute To The Ramones DV8-Columbia

THE WITCHES On Parade Fall Of Rome **JANUARY 21**

ARRIVALS Exsenator Orange Thick BANCO DE GAIA Live At Glastonbury And Big Men Cry Six Degrees SITTER, BITTER WEEKS Bitter, Bitter Weeks My

Pal God BROKEBACK Looks At The Bird Thrill Jockey BURNSIDE PROJECT The Networks. The Circuits. The Streams, The Harmonies Bar-None CABALLERO Bandology Volume 1 Sessions CORONET SLUE Coronet Blue Laughing Outlaw
O. HENRY FENTON Autumn Sweet Laughing Outlaw DANCE DISASTER MOVEMENT We Are From Nowhere Dim Mak **ELEVENTEEN** In The Air Sessions GFS Mount Vernon Street Sound Gizmo Audio JEFF HANSON Son Kill Rock Stars HOLOPAW Holopaw Sub Pop (INTERNATIONAL) NOISE CONSPIRACY Bigge

Cages, Longer Chains EP Epitaph-Burning Heart KINSKI Airs Above Your Station Sub Pop BOB LOG III Log Bornb Fat Possum MENOOZA LINE If The Knew This Was The End Rac-Mone

MICROPHONES Mt. Eerie K
POSTAL SERVICE Such Great Heights EP Sub Pop SEA AND CAKE One Bedroom Thrill Jockey MATTHEW SHIPP Equilibrium Thirsty Ear SLICK 57 The Ghost Of Bonnie Parker Laughing Outlaw TALL PAUL Mixed Live: 2nd Session Moonshine VARIOUS ARTISTS The Now Sound Of Brazil -Six Degrees VEXERS The Vexers Ace-Fu WAKE UPS Wanna Meet The Wake Ups? Laughing Outlaw HONICS Xerophonics Seeland

JANUARY 28

CHARLEVOIX Begging Complication Alarms Mechanics CLAUGE CHALLE New Oriental: The R.E.G. Project KASSE MADY CHEIKH Mariana Real World GEORGE CLINTON AND THE P-FUNK ALL STARS Six Degrees Of P-Funk: The Best Of George Clinton And His Funky Family 00GW000 Seismic Tooth And Mail EASTMOUNTAINSOUTH EP DreamWorks FEW AND FAR BETWEEN 3 Elkion FURTHERMORE She And I Tooth And Nail ARK SELSY Oirt Vanguard SNOWOOGS Oeep Cuts, Fast Remedies Victory SOMEHOW HOLLOW Busted Wings and Broken Halos Victory SOUNOTRACK Biker Boyz DreamWorks SOUNOTRACK Morvern Callar Warp



SUICIDE FILE Twilight Indecision USELESS I.O. No Vacation From The World Kung Ru VARIOUS ARTISTS The Great Artistic View Of The Underground Sound Of Punk And Hardcore Dutch Underground VARIOUS ARTISTS Stepping Stone Militia Group EAMMON VITT Deserted Music Self-Starter BILL WITHERS Menagerie Columbia-Legacy SILL WITHERS Still Bill Columbia-Legacy YOUNG GOOS Second Nature lipecad

FERRUARY 4

BAPTIST GENERALS No Silver No Gold Sub Pop BLACK WIOOWS/DOWNPOUR Split Deathwish SURNING PARIS And By December You Will Know Where Your Heart Truly Lies Magic Bullet SOBI CESPEDES Rezos Six Degrees OAMNWELLS PMR + 1 In Music We Trust **DELANEY AND BONNIE** Delaney And Bonnie Columbia-Legacy FALL OUT SOY Fall Out Boy's Evening Out With Your Girl Harrising GERMBOX Fraction Of Exaggeration Cautilets KILL PILL Outside These City Walls Uprising AL KOOPER AND MIKE BLOOMFIELD Filmore East: The Lost Concert Tapes 12-13-68 Columbia-Legacy AL KOOPER, MIKE SLOOMFIELD AND STEVE STILLS Super Session Columbia-Legacy JON LANGFORD WITH THE SADIES Mayors Of The Moon Rigarishot

MOUNTAIN Mountain Climbing: Nantucket Sleighride (reissue) Columbia-Legacy NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE New Riders Of The Purple Sage Columbia-Legacy POSTAL SERVICE Give Up Sub Pop PRESSURE Anthem Unrising PROJECT ROCKET New Years Revolution Uprising Tribunal SCARLET Cult Classic SINCE BY MAN We Sing The Body Electric Revelant

SOUND OF RAILS Night Time Simulcast Cauthold SOUNOTRACK Pulse: A Stornp Odyssey Six Degrees SUICIDE FILE Twitight Indecision ROB SWIFT Under The Influence Six Degrees UNDERWATER Bleed Me Blue Tribunal GARY VALENTINE Tomorrow Belongs To You Overpround

RAL PARTHA VOGELBACHER Kite Vs. Obelisk Megalon WHERE FEAR AND WEAPONS MEET Control Eulogy

FEBRUARY 11

ABSINTHE BLINO Rings Mud-Parasol BAYKA BEYONO Easl By West Narada World SLACKSTREET Level II DreamWorks COUNT THE STARS Never Be Taken Alive Victory
FABULOUS DISASTER Party Raid Fat Wreck Chords
FURTHER SEEMS FOREVER How To Start A Fire Tooth And Mail



WLL That Was A Moment Negative Progression **HOLLANO** Photographs And Tidal Waves And Nai PATTY LARKIN Red=Luck Vanguard

LONGWAVE The Strangest Things RCA MEN AT WORK Business As Usual Columbia-Logacy MEN AT WORK Cargo Columbia-Legacy
MOTT THE HOOPLE The Best Of Mott The Hoople Columbia-Legacy MOUNTAIN The Best Of Mountain Columbia-Legacy

SPIRIT The Best Of Spirit Columbia-Legacy
TONY ROMANELLO Counting Stars Engine Shed
PAUL VAN DYK Global Mute VARIOUS ARTISTS African Express Sharki VARIOUS ARTISTS Buenos Aires Calé: Instrumental

Tangos Narada World
VARIOUS ARTISTS Mullets Rock! Epic-Legacy VARIOUS ARTISTS Oil: Chicago Punk Refined Thick

FEBRUARY 18

ALWAYS Looking For Mr. Wright Le Grand Magistery ANTI-POP CONSORTIUM Anti-Pop Vs. Matthew Shino Thirsty Far CALEXICO Feast Of Wire Quarterstick CANYON Canyon Gern Blandsten FLARE Hung Le Grand Magistery GRAY MARKET 6000S Gray Market Goods Thrill

KAADA Thank You For Giving Me Your Valuable Time (pecac MORPHINE The Best Of 1992-1995 Rivkodisc NOTWIST Neon Golden Domino REGGIE AND THE FULL EFFECT Under The Tray Vagrant NOBUKAZU TAKEMURA 10th Thrill Jockey

Geeklove

Thin Lizzy

STORY: IAN CHRISTE . ILLUSTRATION: NICK MEDLA



Later in life came the important events that water a 12-yearold's heart of stone and give seed to such strange feelings as sympathy and compassion. As my inner life expanded beyond the emotional range of videogames, a lot of things that seemed silly as a man-child started to seem like the most important things in the world. And as life grew ever more complex and multi-hued. Thin Lizzy emerged as a giant understanding force. Musically, they were the missing link between Steely Dan and Iron Maiden—you know ou have to live a little to truly appreciate that kind of distance.

In a 1870s rock world that valued overrated overstatement, Thin Lizzy kept it cool. Their trademark was singer Phil Lynoti's crooning howl atop unison guiter riffs by a double-helix of everchanging dual guiter players. Though the band dressed tough in black leather, their world was based on wide-ranging camaraderie. After opening for Journey in the early 1970s. Thin Lizzy was joined frequently onstage in the late '70s by a young Huey Lewis, then an timerant American hitchliker playing harmonica in the train stations of Europe. The solidarity of the guitars was a mighty message, but singer/bassist Lynott was the reigning presence as bard.

I don't mean to give too much rosy credit to the mystical qualtites of Ireland, but in Lizry the Geelic hearts were strong. The bond's lizrs thi, "Whiskey in The Jar," was a traditional bloody story written for fiddle and fife, wherein a vagabond robber pulls pistol and rapier on a soldier in the Cork and Carey mountains, spends the gold on whores and drink and ends up rotting in prison wearing a ball and chain. Then there's the up-to-date "Little Girl In Bloom," whose hero is a pregnant teenager watching the boys from her school outside playing cricket as she simmers with worry.

Lynott's own Brazilian father abandoned him as a boy, and his best songs are a siphon and a salve for pain. During the throes of



If associations with journey and Huey Lewis seem lily-livered, let it be known that Phil Lynott recorded with such rat-hearts as the Sex Pistols and Johnny Thunders, and he remains the all-lime bass hero of Lemmy of Motorhead. As drug use gripped Lynot, his songs become anesthetised and increanisgly sollique. Ultimately, Lynott let heroin take him over, and he became fixated on writing a block-baster hit to follow up "Whiskey In The Jar." and "The Boys Are Back In Town." As VH-1 now tells the story, Lynott wore himself cut climbing to the level of rock stardom everyone told him becserved. If you've learned to believe in the nobility of ordinary life, as Lynott professed again, and again, you're already one point up on the freakshow of the walking wounded all around us. Yet towards the end, Lynott let his supremely honed instinct for survival slic, and be faded in solluted in 1986.

Eventually, I was sucked into Thin Lizzy's albums and the stories surrounding them, and I constantly admire their bravery and musical invention. Thin Lizzy feels right in almost any situation, and their music always makes a crowded room feel like some sort of archiac drinking boliday. It's bard-rocking, passionate music that isn't juvenile—a rarity. To widespread surprise, the band began touring again two or three years ago led by John Sykes and Scott Gorham, veteran Lizzy guitarists with a decent claim to the heritage of 'Chinatown' and 'Cold Sweat'. When I caved in to curiosity and went to see the show lest fall, it was discolutely heroic—not a séance or a sham, just the real deal of a different flavor. With things missing all around us, we carry on living the best lives we can be size we can be supported to the control of the control of the control of the state of the control of the control

You'll need plenty of whiskey in the jar to match Ian Christe's new book, Sound Of The Beast: The Complete Headbanging History Of Heavy Metal (Harper Collins).



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